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10¢

Calling All KIDS

THERE ARE
COMICS
STORIES
PUZZLES
AND
GAMES



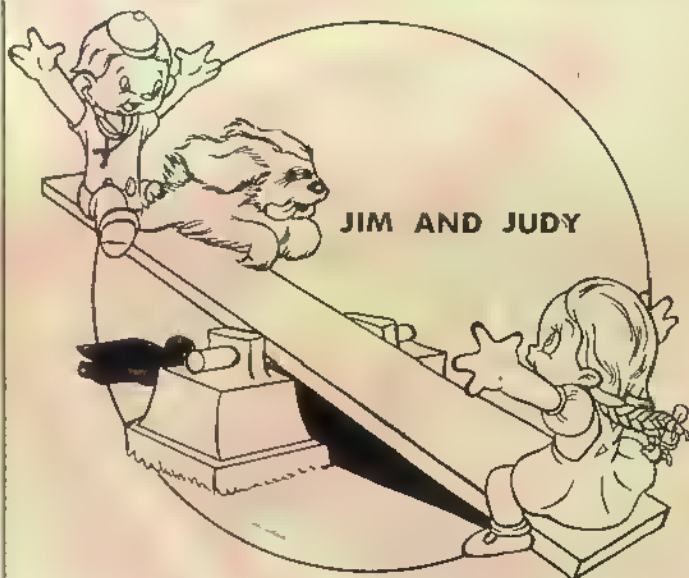
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Calling All KIDS

PRESENTING SOME NEW FRIENDS
FOR YOU TO COLOR!



MARCO POLAR BEAR

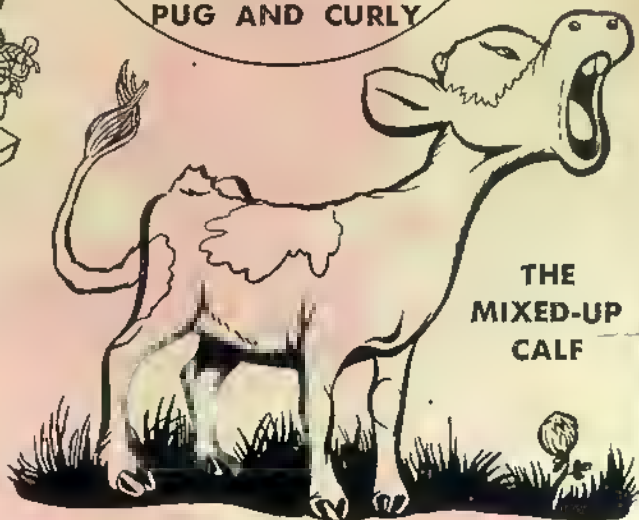


JIM AND JUDY



PUG AND CURLY

Turn the pages of CALLING ALL KIDS and you will find these new friends in gay colors. Then use your own crayons to color the pictures here.



THE
MIXED-UP
CALF

NO. 1

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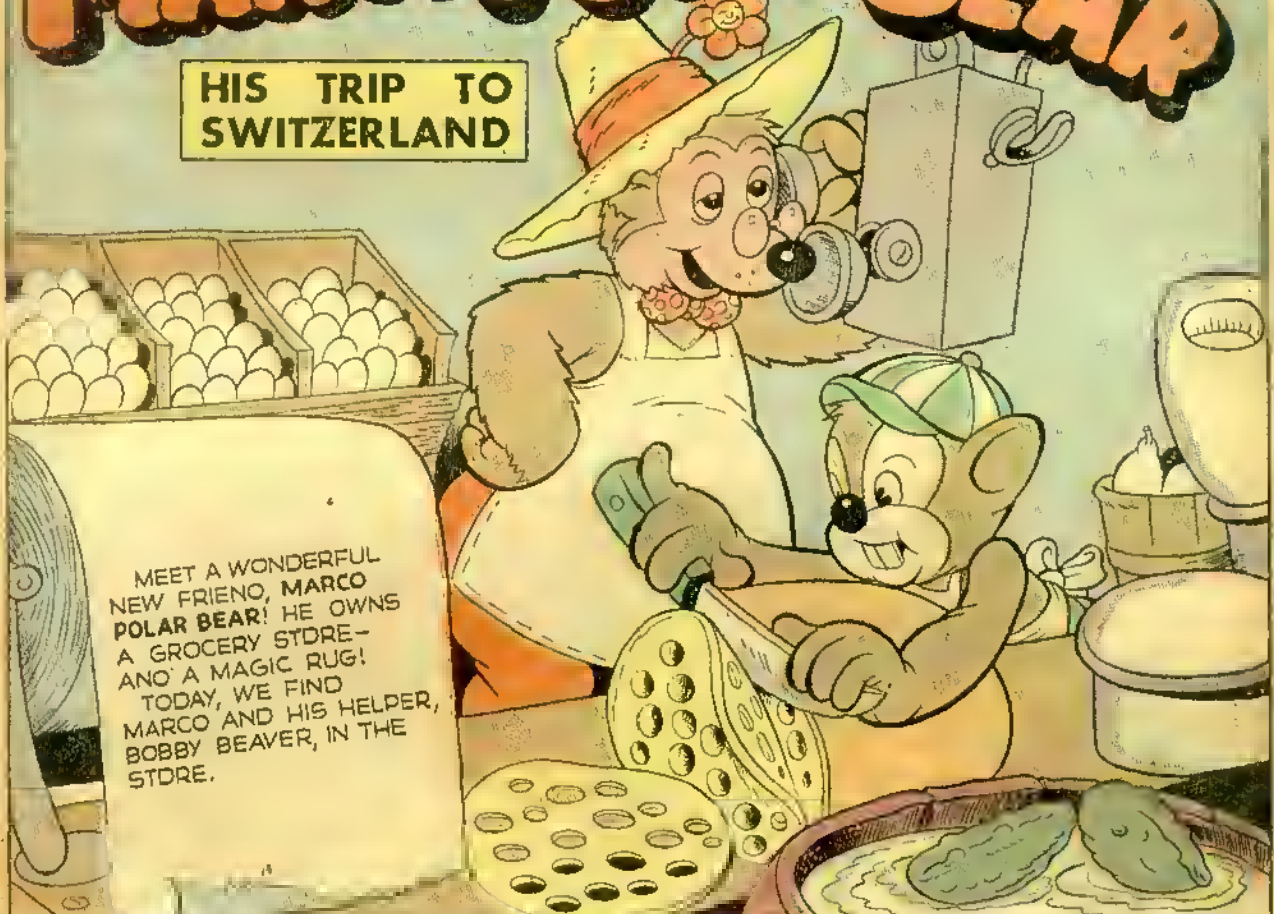
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(MARCO POLO WAS ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST EXPLORERS)

MARCO POLAR BEAR

HIS TRIP TO
SWITZERLAND



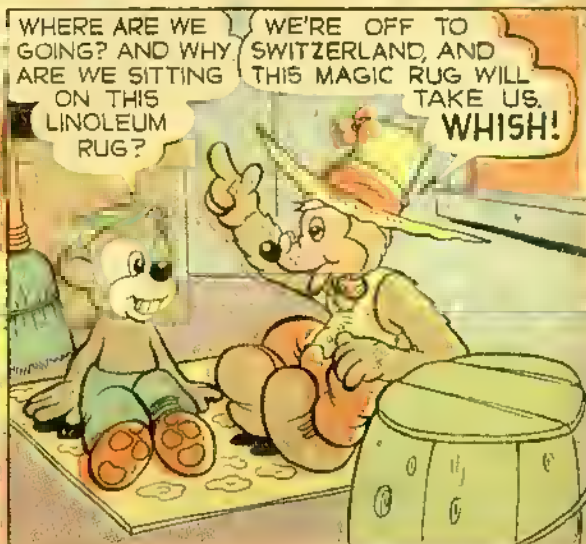
MEET A WONDERFUL
NEW FRIEND, MARCO
POLAR BEAR! HE OWNS
A GROCERY STORE—
AND A MAGIC RUG!
TODAY, WE FIND
MARCO AND HIS HELPER,
BOBBY BEAVER, IN THE
STORE.

BOSS, WHY
DO THEY PUT
HOLES IN
SWISS CHEESE?

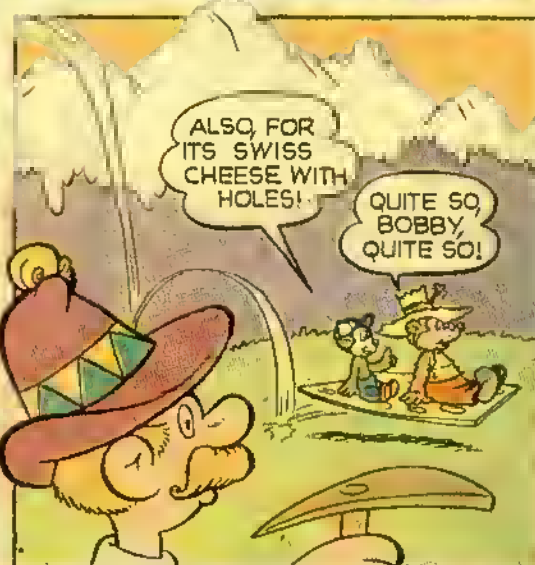
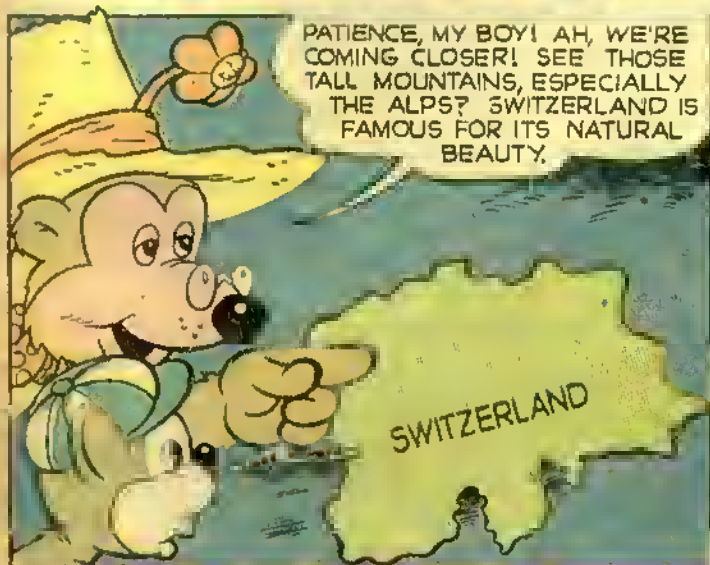
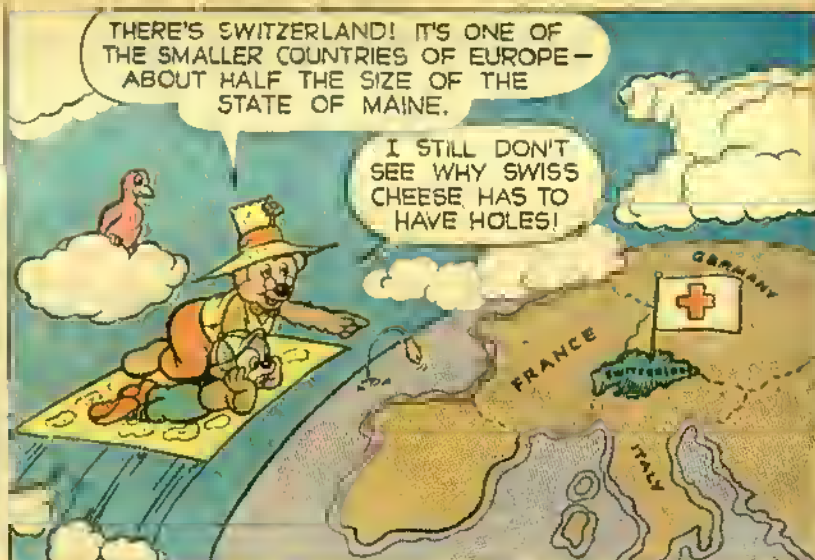
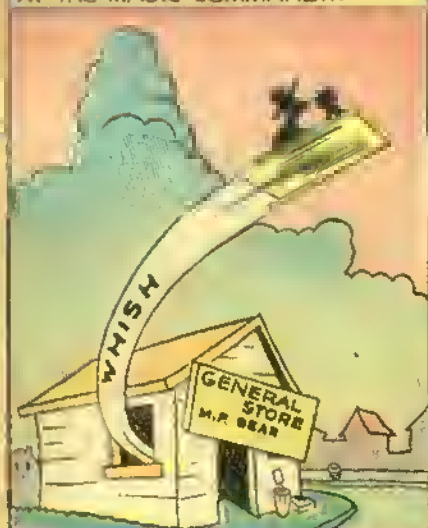
BOBBY, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU
FOR NOT KNOWING THE
ANSWER! TAKE OFF YOUR
APRON! WE'RE
GOING ON
A TRIP.

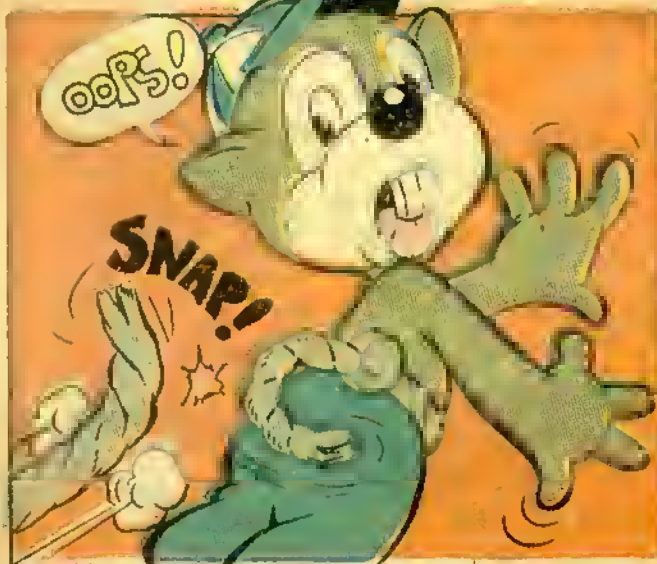
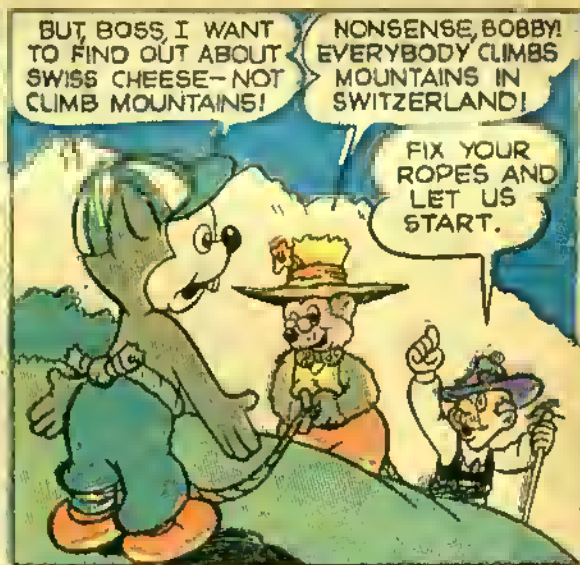
WHERE ARE WE
GOING? AND WHY
ARE WE SITTING
ON THIS
LINOLEUM
RUG?

WE'RE OFF TO
SWITZERLAND, AND
THIS MAGIC RUG WILL
TAKE US.
WHISH!



AT THE MAGIC COMMAND...





GOSH, MR. POLAR!
LIONS IN
SWITZERLAND?

NO, THIS IS A
SAINT BERNARD DOG,
FAMOUS FOR SAVING
TRAVELERS. BUT IN CASE
THE DOG GETS TIRED,
BOBBY, YOU BETTER
PULL US UP AND
MAKE IT SNAPPY!

CAN'T WE STOP NOW
AND FIND OUT ABOUT
SWISS CHEESE?

NO
MOUNTAIN
CLIMBER
GIVES UP
SO SOON.

AH!
TOURISTS!

WELCOME, FRIENDS! HERE ARE
SKIS TO TAKE YOU DOWN
AGAIN.

SKIS! I HAVEN'T
TOUCHED THEM
IN YEARS.

AND SO, AT LAST...

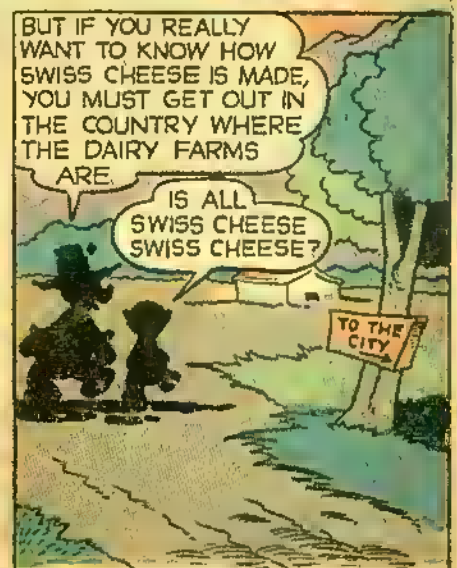
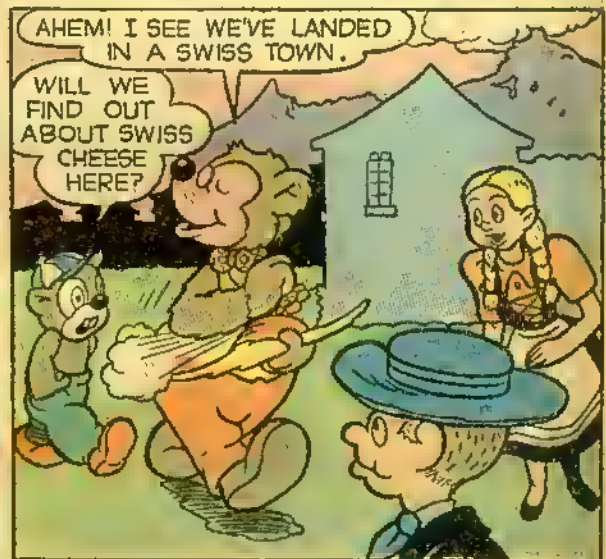
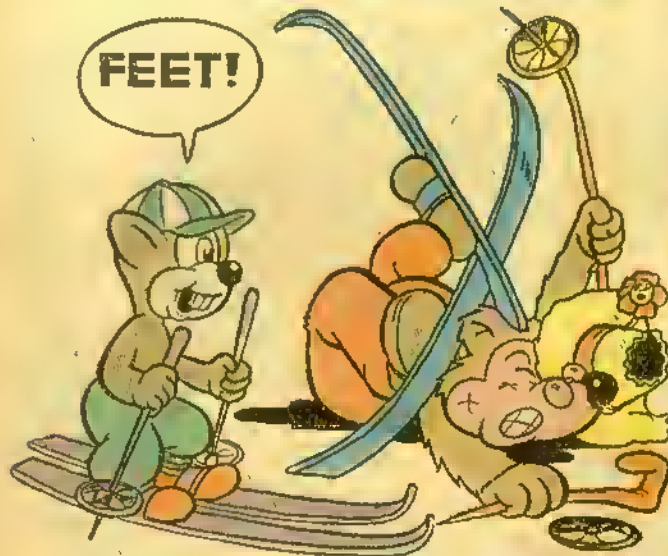
B-R-R!

MY, MY,
HOW COLD AND SNOWY
IT IS UP HERE!

YOU CAN
REST A WHILE
IN THAT HUT.

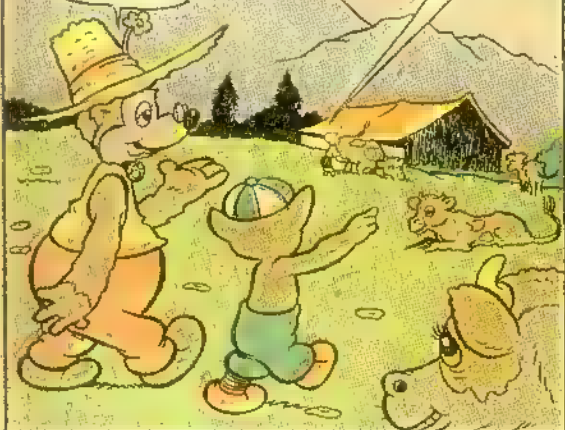
TUT, TUT! IT'S EASY! JUST DO
AS I DO, BOBBY, AND
YOU'LL DO FINE.

GOLLY! I CAN'T EVEN
ROLLER SKATE YET!

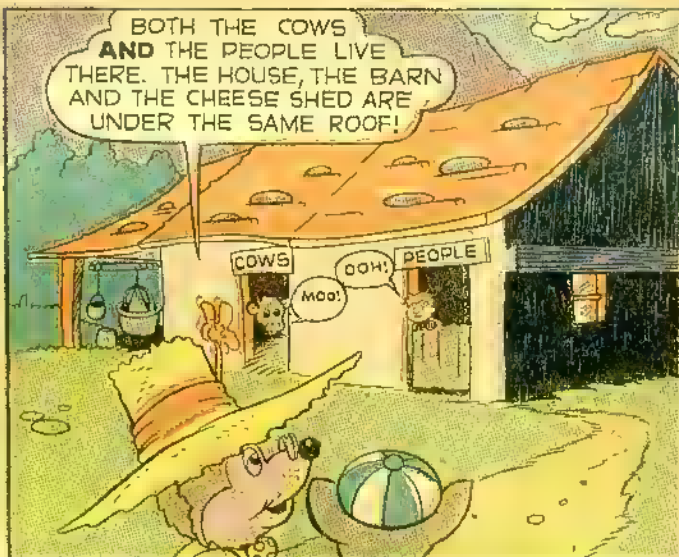


OF COURSE NOT! ONLY **SOME** SWISS CHEESE IS SWISS CHEESE. ER-WHAT FINE LOOKING COWS!

AND LOOK! A REAL FARM HOUSE! LET'S SEE WHO LIVES THERE.



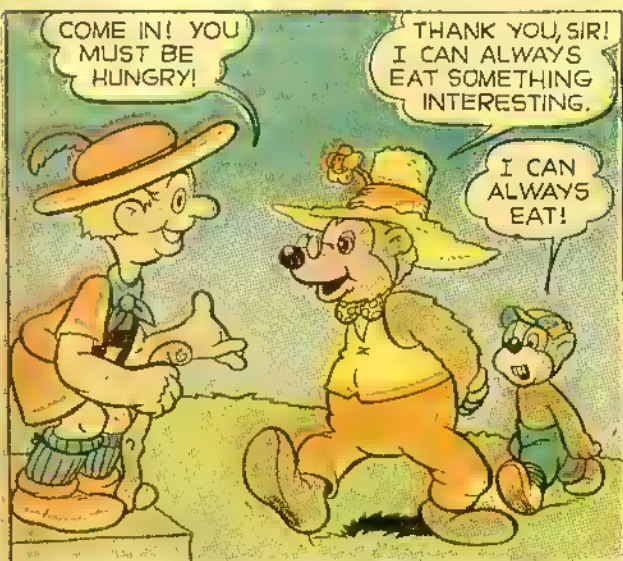
BOTH THE COWS **AND** THE PEOPLE LIVE THERE. THE HOUSE, THE BARN AND THE CHEESE SHED ARE UNDER THE SAME ROOF!



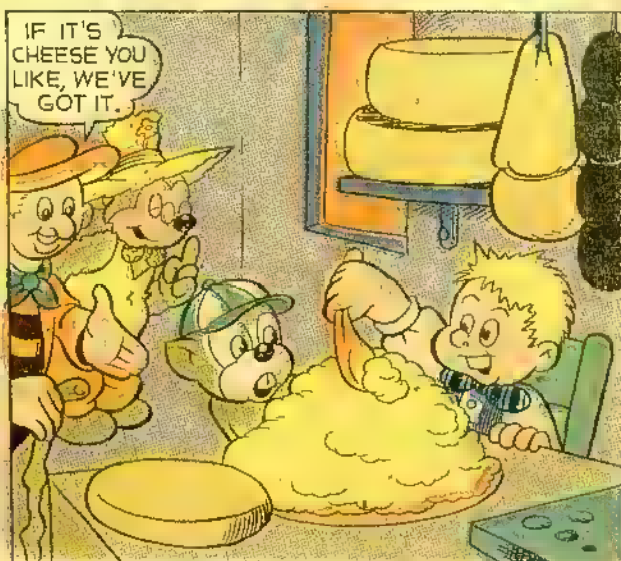
COME IN! YOU MUST BE HUNGRY!

THANK YOU, SIR! I CAN ALWAYS EAT SOMETHING INTERESTING.

I CAN ALWAYS EAT!



IF IT'S CHEESE YOU LIKE, WE'VE GOT IT.

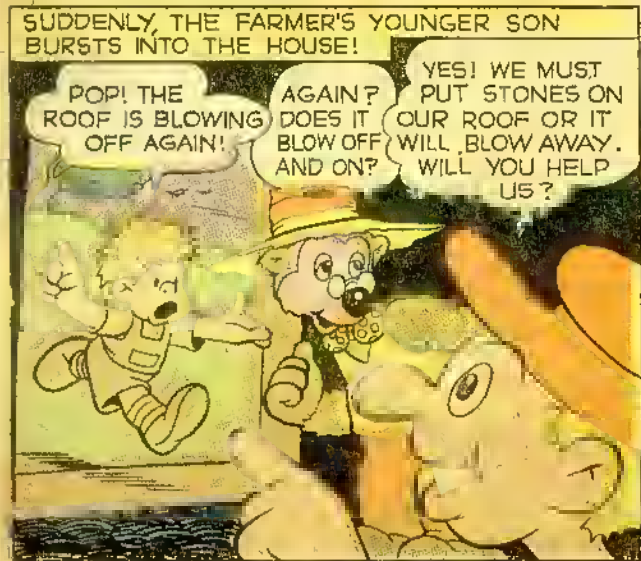


SUDDENLY, THE FARMER'S YOUNGER SON BURSTS INTO THE HOUSE!

POP! THE ROOF IS BLOWING OFF AGAIN!

AGAIN? DOES IT BLOW OFF AND ON?

YES! WE MUST PUT STONES ON OUR ROOF OR IT WILL BLOW AWAY. WILL YOU HELP US?



I'M ONLY TOO GLAD TO HELP. TSK, TSK! WHAT A QUAIN'T IDEA! HERE YOU ARE, BOBBY. I'LL FIND 'EM AND YOU CARRY 'EM.



IT WAS KIND OF YOU
TO HELP. YOU MUST
BOTH STAY FOR
DINNER.

YOU ARE GOOD
TO ASK US, BUT
WE CAN'T STAY
LONG.



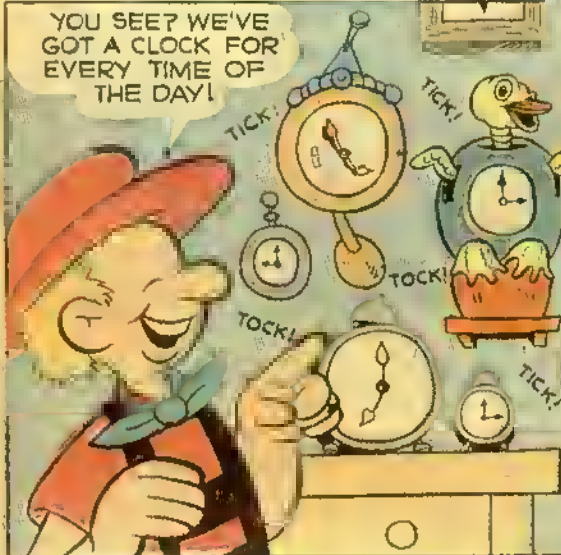
IN FACT, MAYBE WE'VE STAYED
TOO LONG! WE DIDN'T DELIVER
OUR GROCERY ORDER YET.
HAVE YOU GOT THE
TIME?



TIME? THAT'S ONE
THING WE HAVE
PLENTY OF.



YOU SEE? WE'VE
GOT A CLOCK FOR
EVERY TIME OF
THE DAY!



WELL, I GUESS IT'S
TIME FOR ME TO
WHISTLE FOR MY
RUG.

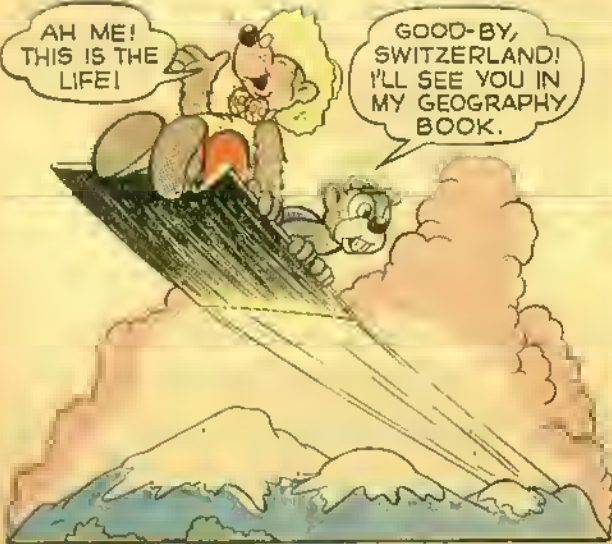


AT THE SOUND OF MARCO'S
WHISTLE, THE FLYING LINOLEUM
RUG APPEARS.



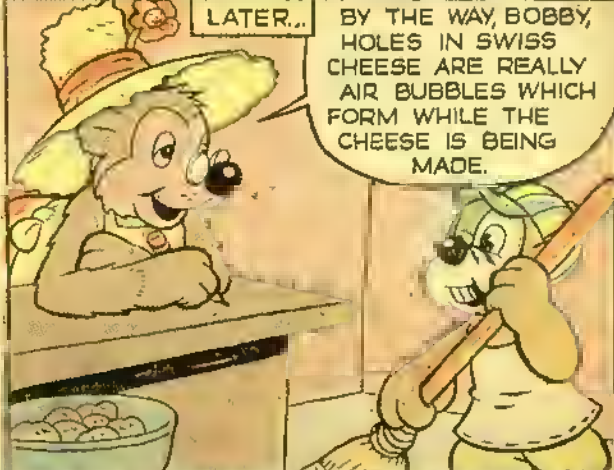
AH ME!
THIS IS THE
LIFE!

GOOD-BY,
SWITZERLAND!
I'LL SEE YOU IN
MY GEOGRAPHY
BOOK.



LATER...

BY THE WAY, BOBBY,
HOLES IN SWISS
CHEESE ARE REALLY
AIR BUBBLES WHICH
FORM WHILE THE
CHEESE IS BEING
MADE.



BE SURE TO GO WITH MARCO POLAR BEAR AND
BOBBY ON THEIR NEXT TRIP-TO AFRICA.

BARTHOLOMEW AND THE Elephant



Gertrude sat down and wouldn't budge! They brought hay and chocolate candy, and tried to lead her by holding the food just out of reach.

When Gertrude followed Bartholomew home from the zoo, strange things happened

By PRISCILLA F. SQUIER

ONE morning, when Bartholomew Brown came down for breakfast, his mother said, "To-day is a holiday, and I am going to take you to see the elephant at the zoo."

This made Bartholomew very happy because, although he had lived in the city for a long time, he had never been to the zoo.

Bartholomew's mother took her umbrella and purse, and Bartholomew put on his new blue coat, and they

went out to the bus. On the way to the zoo, Mrs. Brown told Bartholomew how big elephants are, and how they can blow water out of their trunks. Then she told him how hoys in India ride around on 'elephants' heads, using a little stick to show them which way to go.

When the bus got to the zoo, the first thing Bartholomew saw was a tremendous cage with the elephant in it. He looked at the elephant and the elephant looked at Bartholomew.

The elephant had enormous ears, and it looked as big as the apartment house the Browns lived in. Its ears wiggled, and its trunk waved back and forth just the way it was supposed

to. Bartholomew noticed a big red sign on the cage. It said, "GERTRUDE, Indian Elephant."

Soon Mrs. Brown got tired of looking at the elephant, and they walked back to the bus stop. It seemed to Bartholomew (and his mother, too) that everyone was looking at them very strangely. Once, as Mrs. Brown spoke to an old friend, the friend threw up her hands and ran away shrieking.

Bartholomew looked behind him, and *what do you think he saw?*

There was Gertrude tiptoeing after them, her trunk wobbling from side to side, and her ears flopping! When she saw Bartholomew looking at her, she stopped, blushed, and covered her face with her ears. Bartholomew looked at her very sternly.

"Go home, Gertrude," he said.

But the elephant just blushed and shook her head. When Mrs. Brown saw the elephant, she took her umbrella and hit Gertrude on the trunk.

"Help! Gertrude is trying to eat up Bartholomew!" she cried.

A big crowd gathered, and the keepers came from the zoo with a net and ropes to take the elephant back to her cage. They grabbed Gertrude by her tail, and tried to pull her backwards, but Gertrude sat down, and

wouldn't budge. Next, the keepers brought hay and chocolate candy and peanuts, and tried to lead her along by holding the food just out of reach. Still Gertrude wouldn't budge! They sent for a tractor to try to push her into her cage, but nothing did any good.

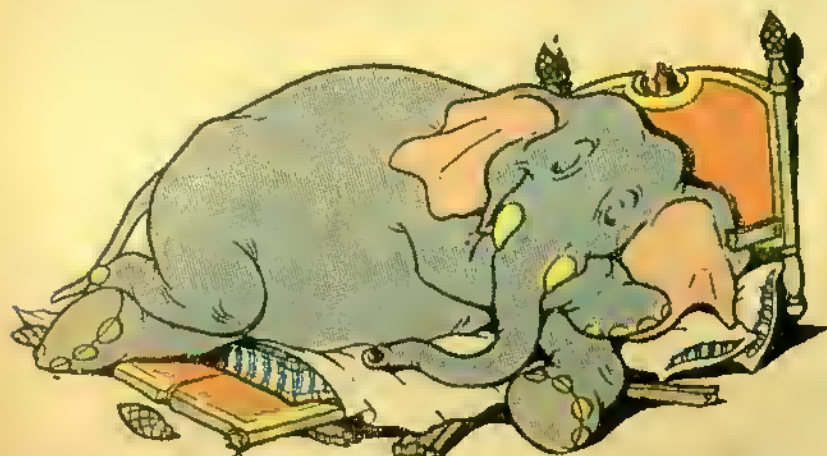
By this time it was plain that the elephant wouldn't leave Bartholomew, so the manager of the zoo said, "Bartholomew, you will have to keep our elephant. Take good care of her. Give her enough to eat, and enough water to bathe in, and tell her that if she ever wants to come back, her cage will be ready for her."

Bartholomew thanked the zoo manager. Then he took hold of Gertrude's trunk, and led her back to the Brown's apartment. The elephant was much too large for the doorway, but with Bartholomew pulling at her trunk, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown pushing from behind, they got her in.

Gertrude was very polite and gentle. She washed her face and ears before she came to dinner, and she was very careful not to step on Mr. and Mrs. Brown or Bartholomew.

That night Gertrude lay down to sleep on the living-room floor, but she insisted that the lights be on because she was afraid of the dark. So at last they left her there, sprawled in the middle of the floor, with all the lights on. And that's how she slept.

Next morning, Mr. Brown went to work, Mrs. Brown went shopping, and Bartholomew went to school. Before Bartholomew left, he filled a wastepaper basket full of cornflakes for Gertrude's lunch, and ran some water in the



The Browns ran inside to look in the bedroom, and there was Gertrude sleeping peacefully on what was left of the bed. And not very much was left!

bathtub in case she got thirsty.

When Bartholomew came back to the apartment with his mother, he could hardly believe his eyes. The apartment was a horrible mess. There was water all over the floor and the walls—and even the ceiling! The towels from the bathroom were scattered around the floor and they had huge dirty footprints on them. Right in the living room Gertrude had given herself a shower bath with her trunk! The new wallpaper was all spotted. The Browns ran to look in the bedroom, and there was Gertrude sleeping peacefully on what was left of the bed. And not much was left!

Mrs. Brown was now very angry, but Bartholomew wasn't. He knew that Gertrude was a good elephant, though she was not used to human ways of living. He awakened her gently by pulling her ear, but when she woke up, he looked at her very sternly, and spoke firmly.

"Gertrude, I am sorry," he ex-

plained, "but I will have to take you back to the zoo."

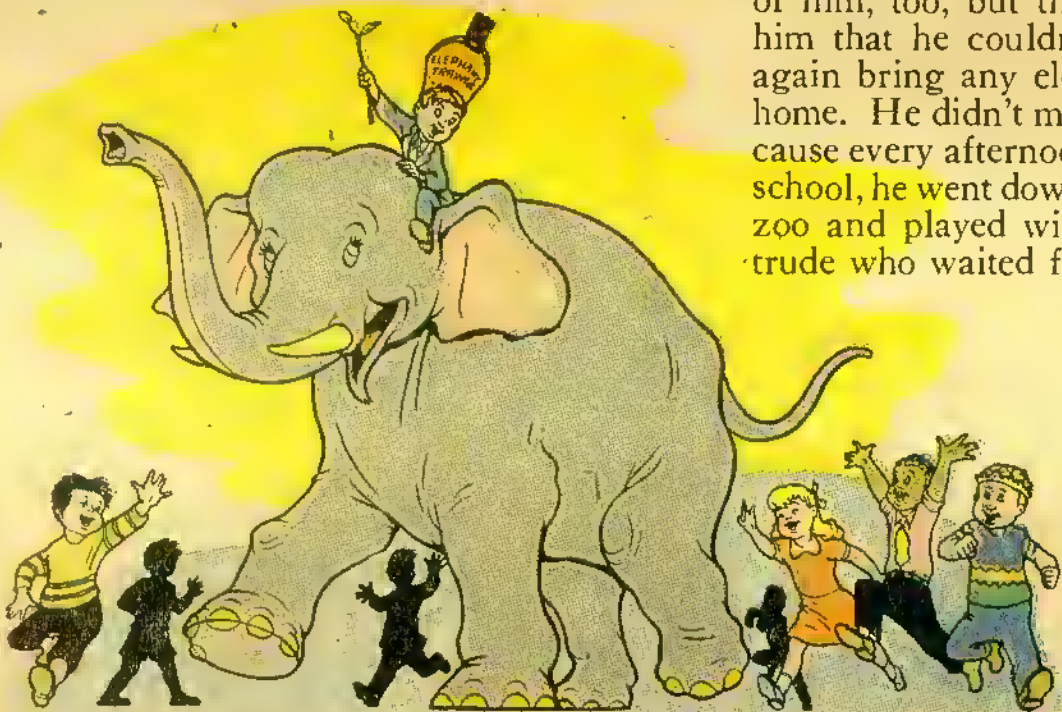
Bartholomew climbed up on the elephant's head, and off they went to the zoo, with Bartholomew showing her which way to go by poking her with a little stick. All of the children ran along the street watching them, and shouting, "Look at Bartholomew riding an elephant!"

The manager of the zoo came out to meet them and said, "Thank you, Bartholomew, for bringing Gertrude back to us. You are very good at handling elephants, so we are going to make you an honorary trainer."

As he said this, he gave Bartholomew a wonderful hat that had big gold letters on it which spelled out, "ELEPHANT TRAINER."

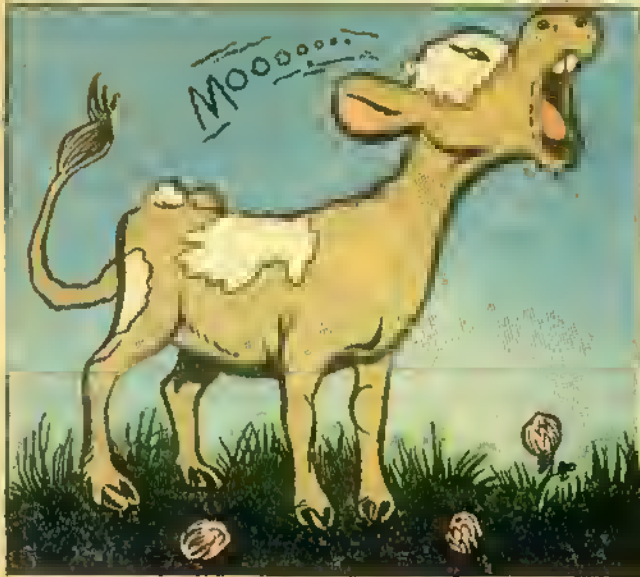
Bartholomew put on the hat and thanked the zoo manager. Then he rode Gertrude to her cage, said good-by, and went home, feeling very proud because of his wonderful hat.

Bartholomew's parents were proud of him, too, but they told him that he couldn't ever again bring any elephants home. He didn't mind, because every afternoon after school, he went down to the zoo and played with Gertrude who waited for him.



All the children ran along the street watching them, and shouting, "Look at Bartholomew riding an elephant!"

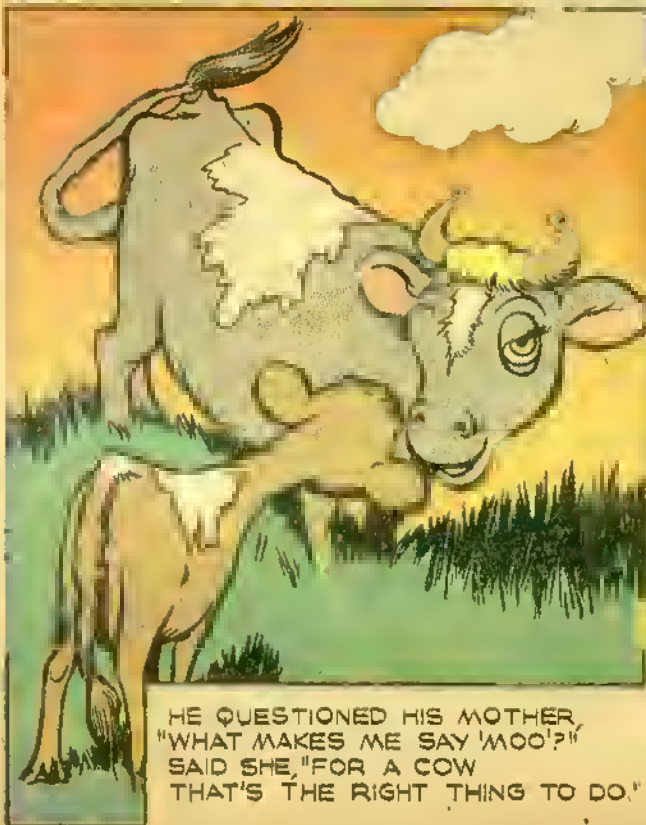
THE Mixed-Up Calf



THERE ONCE WAS A CALF
WHO STOOD IN THE CLOVER,
SAYING NOTHING BUT 'MOO'
OVER AND OVER.



"BUT WHY SAY 'MOO'?"
THOUGHT THE CALF ONE DAY.
"IT MEANS NOT A THING,
AND IT'S SILLY TO SAY!"



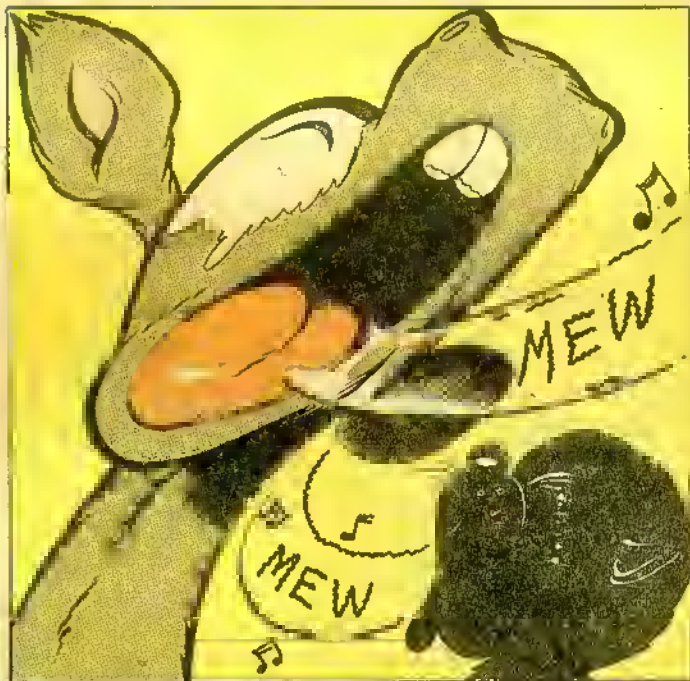
HE QUESTIONED HIS MOTHER,
"WHAT MAKES ME SAY 'MOO'?"
SAID SHE, "FOR A COW
THAT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO."



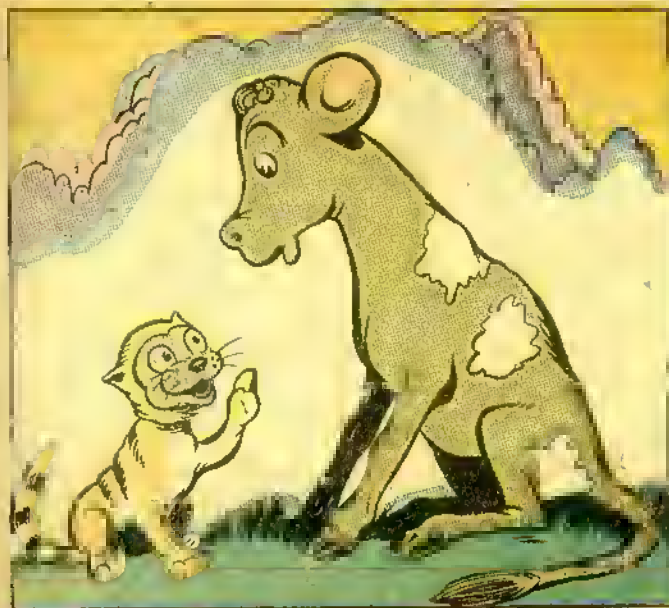
THE FARMER'S CAT LISTENED
AND HEARD HIM REPLY,
"I KNOW THAT I MOO,
BUT I WANT TO KNOW WHY."



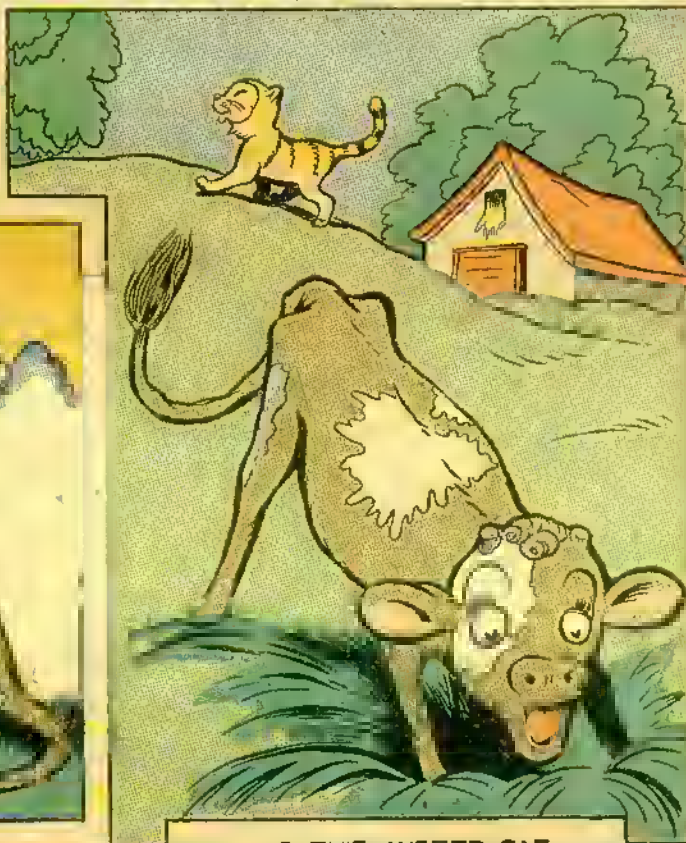
SAID THE CAT TO THE CALF,
"WITH YOU I AGREE.
YOU SHOULDN'T SAY 'MOO'
BUT 'MEW,' LIKE ME."



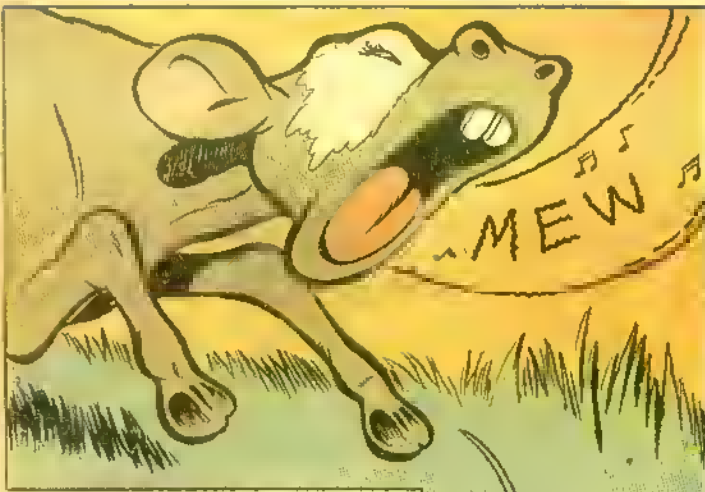
THE CALF TWISTED HIS FACE
LIKE MANY CATS DO.
AND HE SANG WITH THE CAT,
"MEW, MEW, MEW!"



"THAT'S FINE!" SAID THE CAT,
"NOW A WORD OF ADVICE -
YOU SHOULDN'T EAT GRASS,
BUT YOU OUGHT TO EAT MICE."



SAYING THIS, MISTER CAT
WENT HIS WAY - BUT ALAS!
THE CALF WENT TO LOOK
FOR A MOUSE IN THE GRASS.



AS SOON AS HE FOUND ONE,
HIS MOUTH OPENED WIDE -
"I AM GOING TO EAT YOU!
MEW, MEW!" HE CRIED.



"EAT ME?" SAID THE MOUSE,
"YOU'RE MISTAKEN, I SEE.
YOU MUST NEVER SAY 'MEW.'
YOU SHOULD ALWAYS SAY 'MEE'."



"MEE, MEE," SANG THE CALF.
"AND REMEMBER THIS, PLEASE,"
SAID THE MOUSE, "FROM NOW ON
YOU'LL EAT NOTHING BUT CHEESE."



AWAY WENT THE CALF
TO FIND FARMER GREY.
AND THE MOUSE WENT TO SLEEP
IN HIS NEST IN THE HAY.



"MEE, MEE! GIVE ME CHEESE," SAID OUR HERO, THE CALF. WHEN THE FARMER HEARD THIS, HE STARTED TO LAUGH.



"I DECLARE!" HE DECLARED, "WHEN THE COWS ASK FOR CHEESE, I'LL GIVE EGGS TO THE CHICKENS, AND HONEY TO BEES."



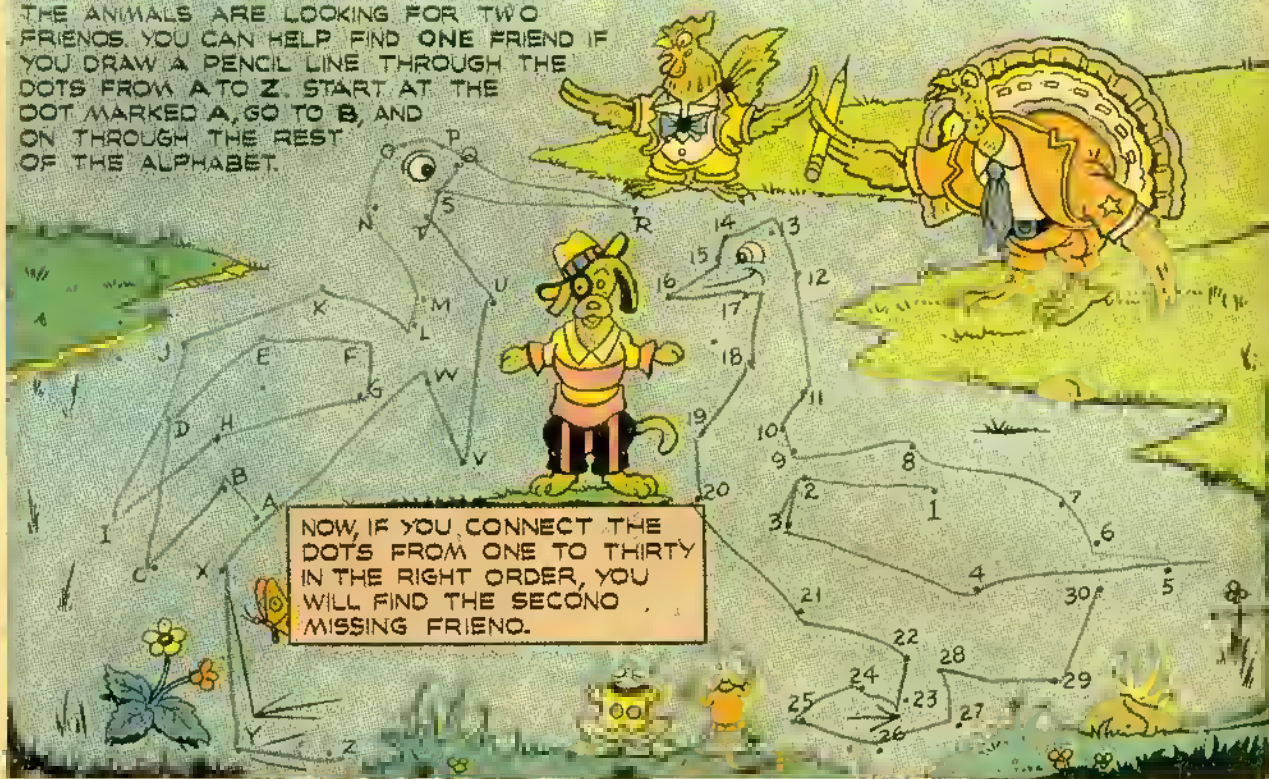
"NOW, CHEESE COMES FROM MILK FROM COWS WHO SAY 'MOO,' WHO EAT GRASS, AND I HOPE THAT YOU'LL ACT THAT WAY, TOO."



SO THE CALF HE SAID "MOO," AND HE FELT VERY GOOD. THE REASON FOR MOOING HE AT LAST UNDERSTOOD!

WHO ARE THEY?

THE ANIMALS ARE LOOKING FOR TWO FRIENDS. YOU CAN HELP FIND ONE FRIEND IF YOU DRAW A PENCIL LINE THROUGH THE DOTS FROM A TO Z. START AT THE DOT MARKED A, GO TO B, AND ON THROUGH THE REST OF THE ALPHABET.



NOW, IF YOU CONNECT THE DOTS FROM ONE TO THIRTY IN THE RIGHT ORDER, YOU WILL FIND THE SECOND MISSING FRIENDO.



CAREFULLY FILL IN ALL THE SQUIGGLY SECTIONS MARKED A, B AND C, AND YOU WILL FINISH THIS PICTURE. DO YOU KNOW THE SONG THAT THE PICTURE DESCRIBES? IT'S ABOUT A FARMER'S WIFE WHO USED HER CARVING KNIFE.



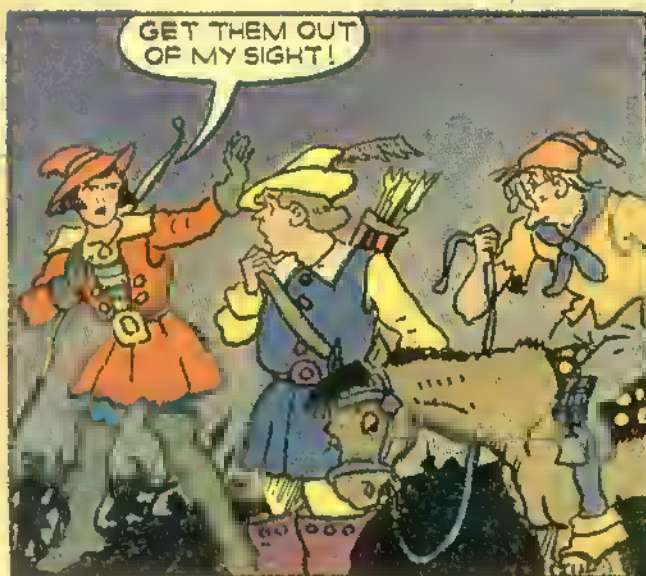
THE UGLY PONY



LONG AGO THERE WAS A HANDSOME PRINCE NAMED ERIC. BUT, ALAS, HE WAS PROUD OF BEING HANDSOME, AND HATED UGLINESS.

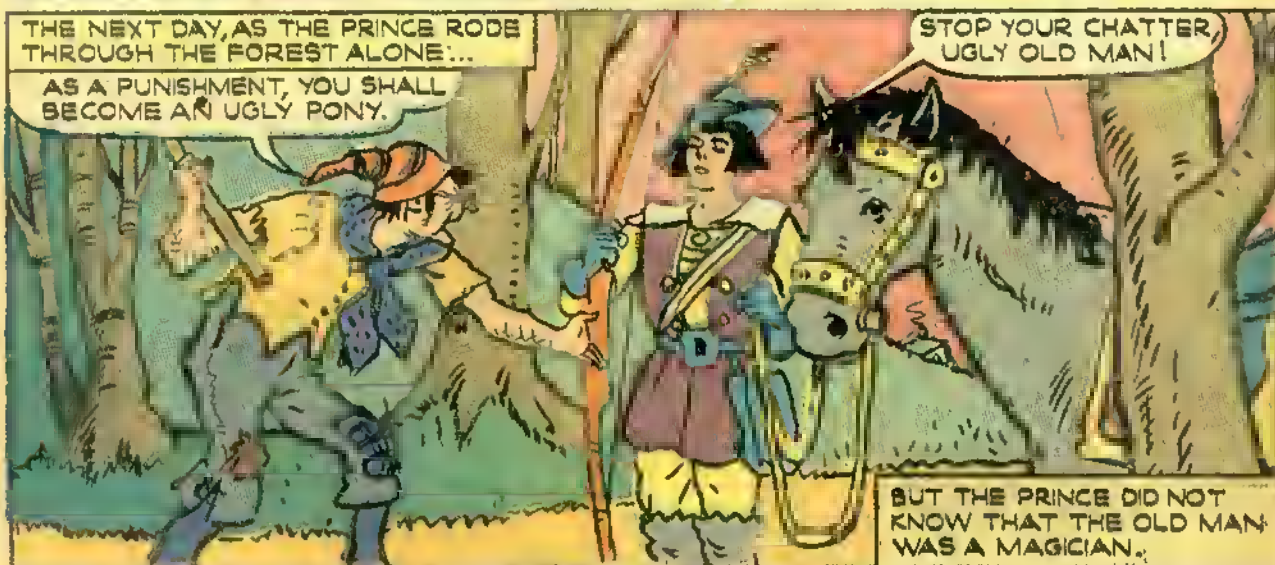


ONE DAY, WHEN PRINCE ERIC WAS
OUT HUNTING, AN UGLY OLD MAN
CAME ALONG ON AN UGLY PONY.



THE NEXT DAY, AS THE PRINCE RODE THROUGH THE FOREST ALONE...

AS A PUNISHMENT, YOU SHALL BECOME AN UGLY PONY.



BUT THE PRINCE DID NOT KNOW THAT THE OLD MAN WAS A MAGICIAN.

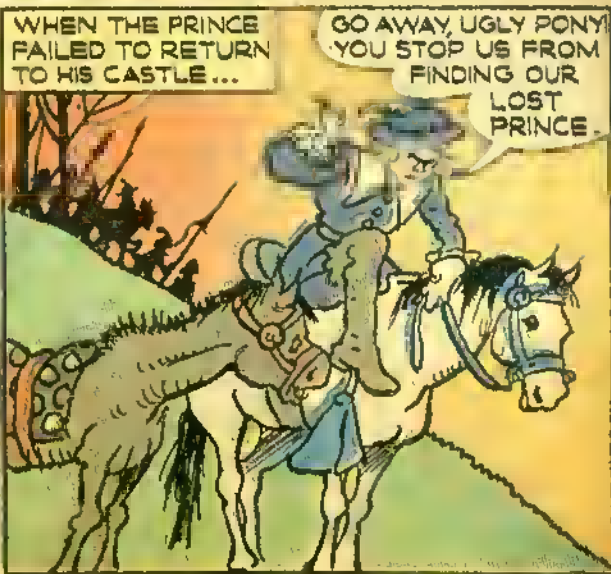
SUDDENLY, ERIC DID BECOME AN UGLY PONY.

PRINCE ERIC, YOU SHALL REMAIN AN UGLY PONY UNTIL A PRINCESS CALLS YOU HER DEAREST FRIEND



WHEN THE PRINCE FAILED TO RETURN TO HIS CASTLE...

GO AWAY, UGLY PONY! YOU STOP US FROM FINDING OUR LOST PRINCE.



SADLY, ERIC WANDERED ALONE TILL HE CAME TO THE EDGE OF THE FOREST. HERE HE MET HANS, A FARM BOY, GATHERING FIREWOOD.

HELLO, UGLY LITTLE PONY! YOU SEEM LOST.

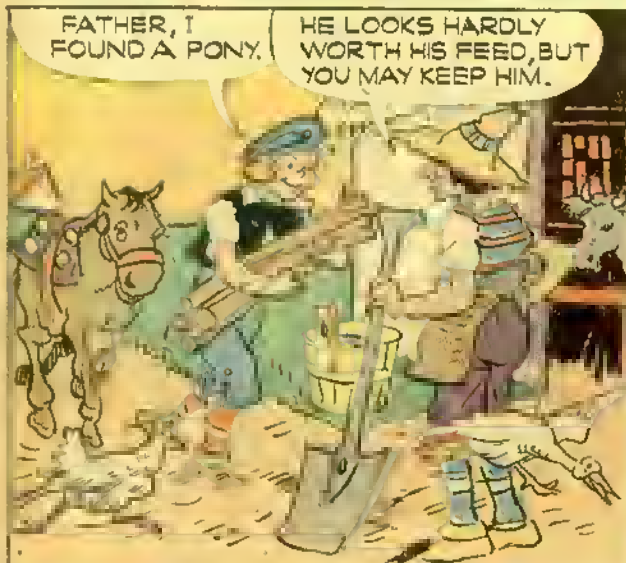


WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME HOME WITH ME?



FATHER, I FOUND A PONY.

HE LOOKS HARDLY WORTH HIS FEED, BUT YOU MAY KEEP HIM.



ERIC HELPED HIS NEW FRIENDS, BUT ONE DAY...

WE ARE POOR, HANS, AND CAN NO LONGER FEED THE PONY. WE MUST SELL HIM.

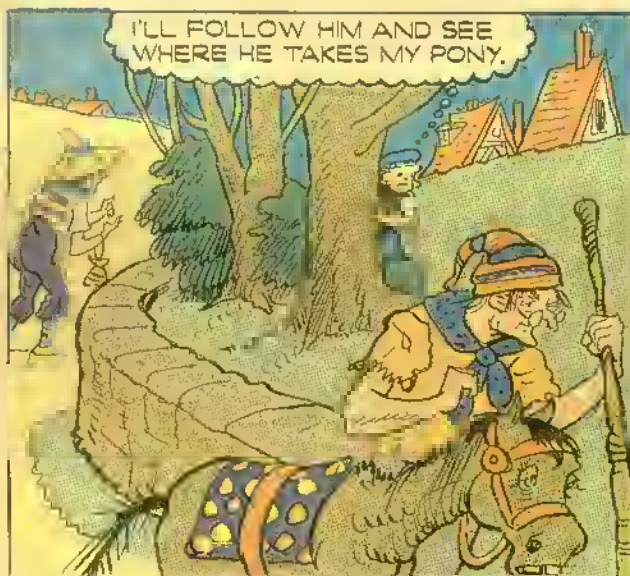


I WILL TAKE HIM TO THE MARKET.



HANS SECRETLY FOLLOWED, AND WATCHED SOMEBODY BUY HIS PONY. WHO DO YOU THINK IT WAS? THE OLD MAGICIAN!

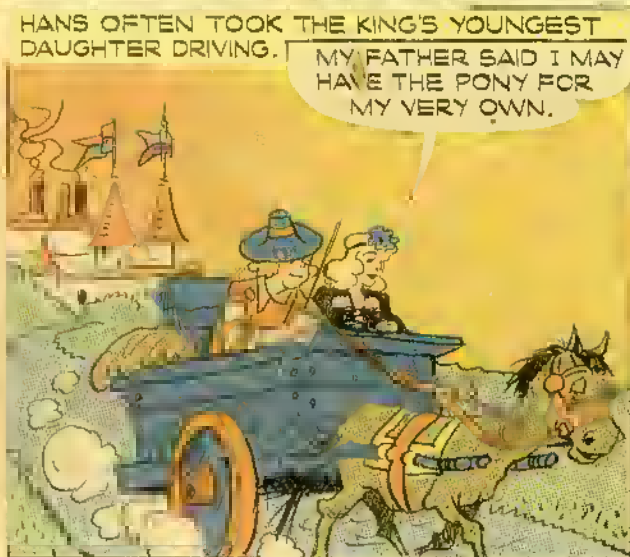




I'LL FOLLOW HIM AND SEE WHERE HE TAKES MY PONY.

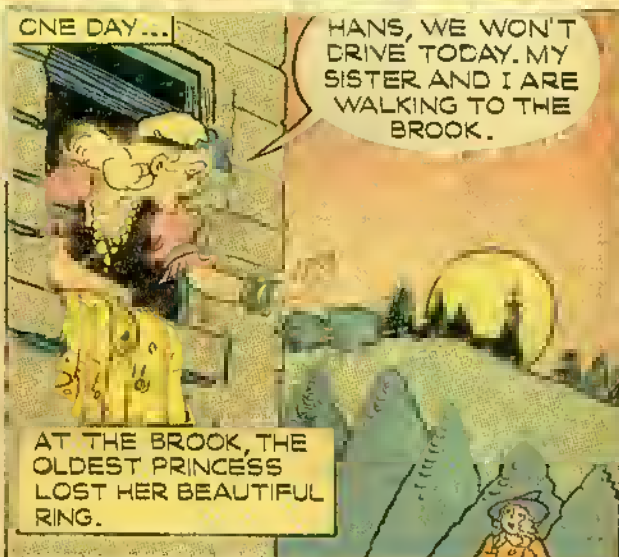


I SHALL STAY NEAR YOU ALWAYS, MY FRIEND.



HANS OFTEN TOOK THE KING'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER DRIVING.

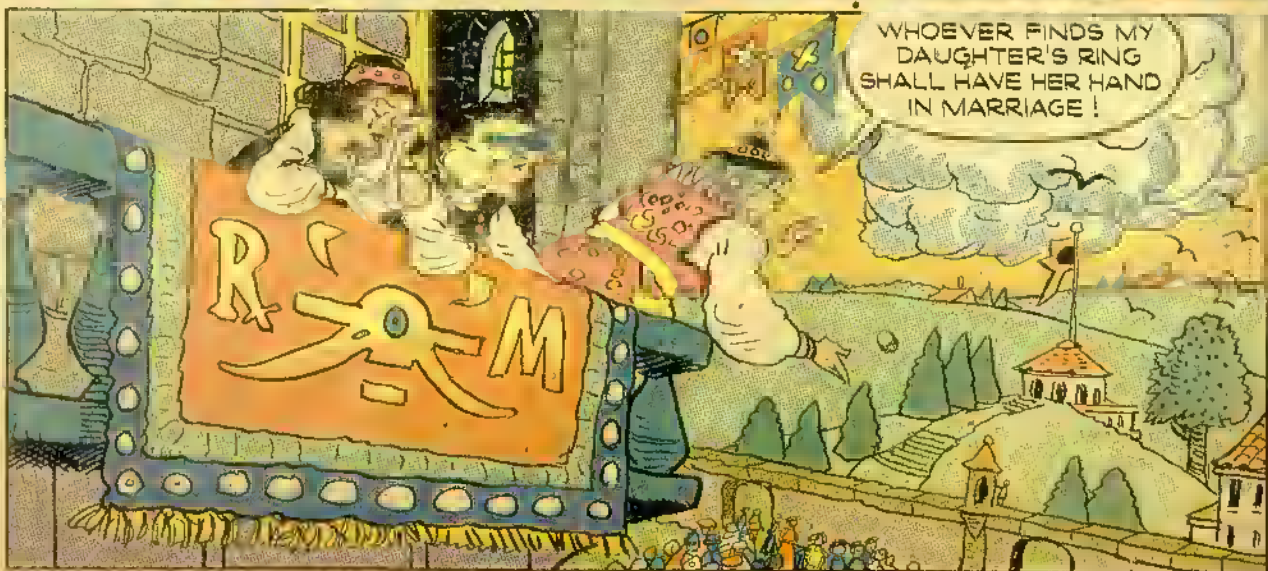
MY FATHER SAID I MAY HAVE THE PONY FOR MY VERY OWN.



ONE DAY...

HANS, WE WON'T DRIVE TODAY. MY SISTER AND I ARE WALKING TO THE BROOK.

AT THE BROOK, THE OLDEST PRINCESS LOST HER BEAUTIFUL RING.



WHOEVER FINDS MY DAUGHTER'S RING SHALL HAVE HER HAND IN MARRIAGE !

AS HANS AND THE PONY WERE RESTING BY THE BROOK THAT AFTERNOON...



THE KING'S COOK CUT OPEN THE GOLDEN FISH, AND LO AND BEHOLD...



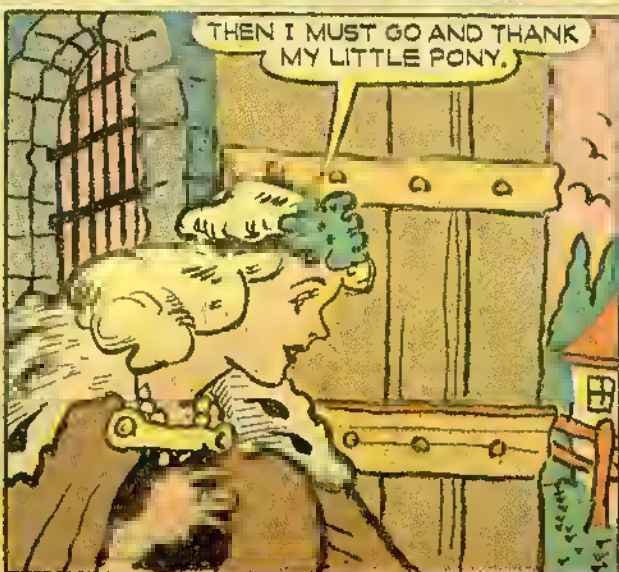
BECAUSE YOU HAVE FOUND MY OLDEST DAUGHTER'S RING, HANS, SHE SHALL BE YOUR BRIDE.



BUT, YOUR MAJESTY, IT WAS THE YOUNGEST PRINCESS' PONY WHO FOUND THE RING.



THEN I MUST GO AND THANK MY LITTLE PONY.



THANK YOU, LITTLE PONY, MY
DEAREST FRIEND!



JUST AS THE MAGICIAN HAD SAID, THE SPELL
WAS BROKEN WHEN THE PRINCESS CALLED
THE UGLY PONY HER DEAREST FRIEND.

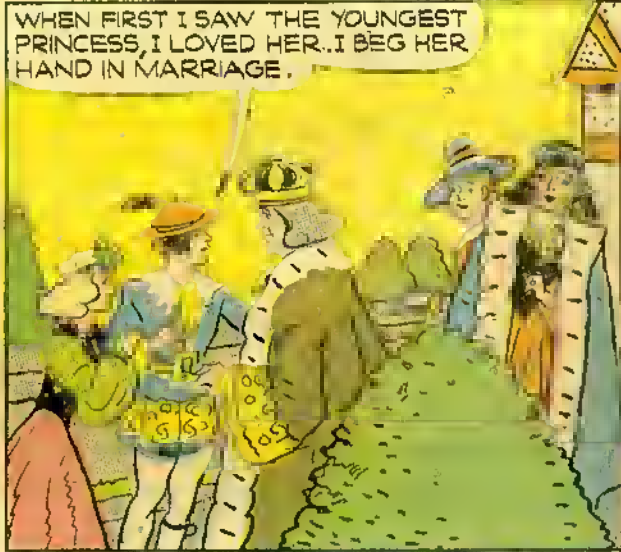


THE PRINCE TOLD HIS STORY. THEN...

YOUR MAJESTY, I AM
PRINCE ERIC.

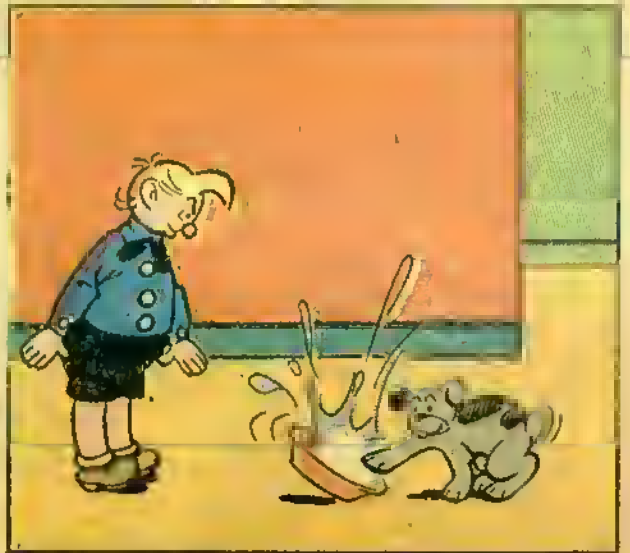
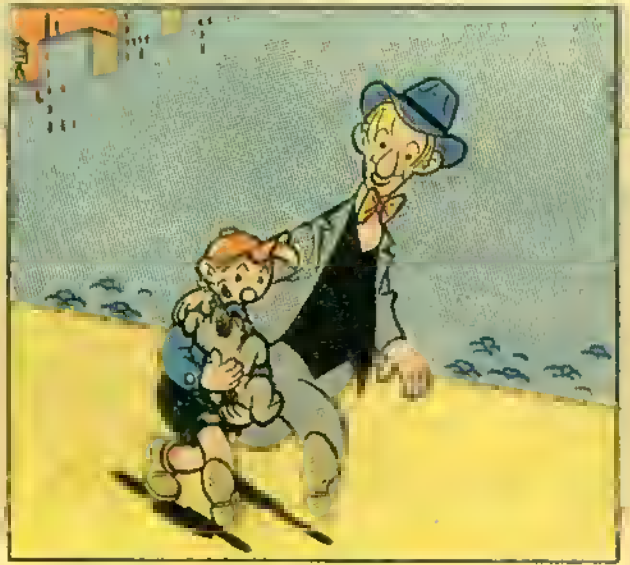
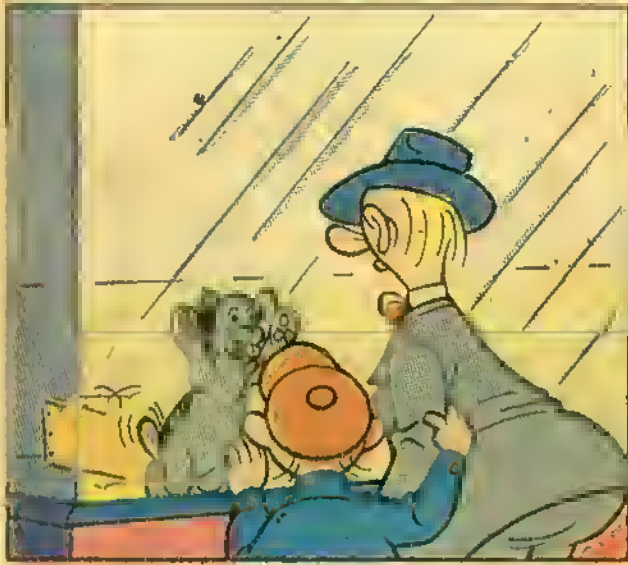
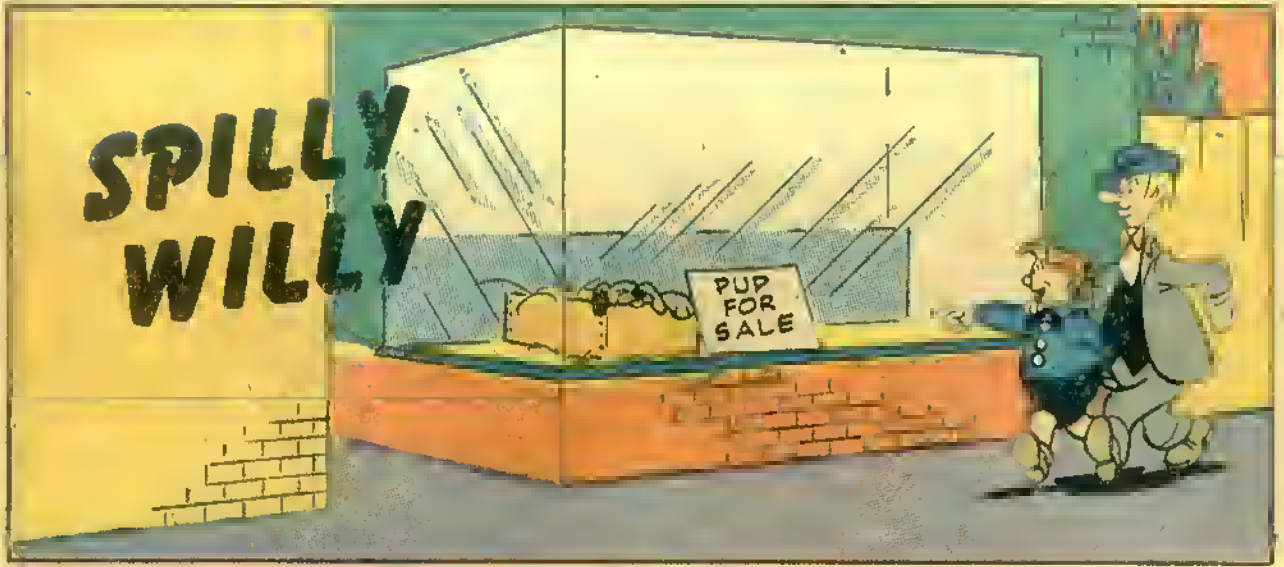


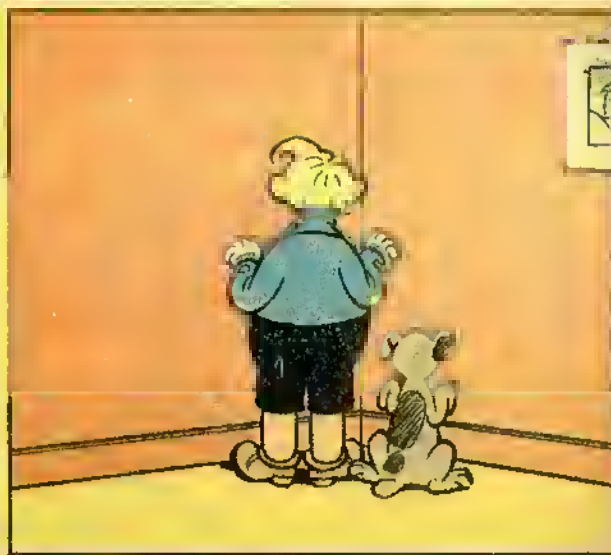
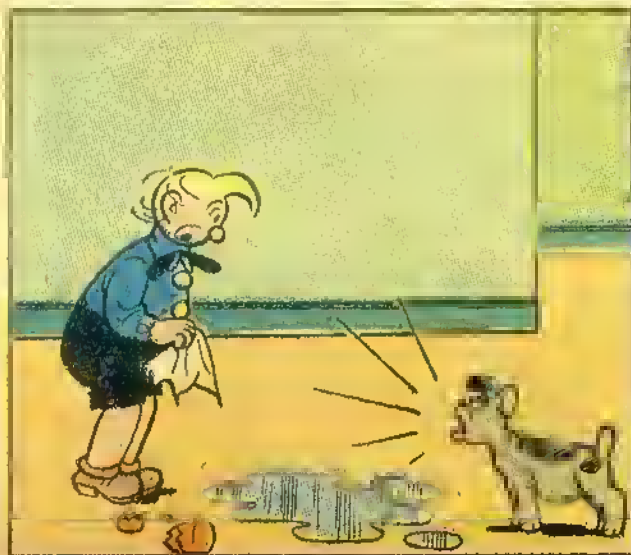
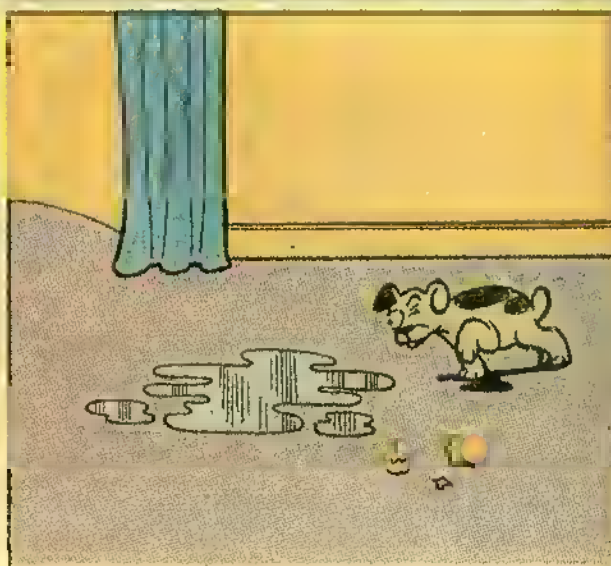
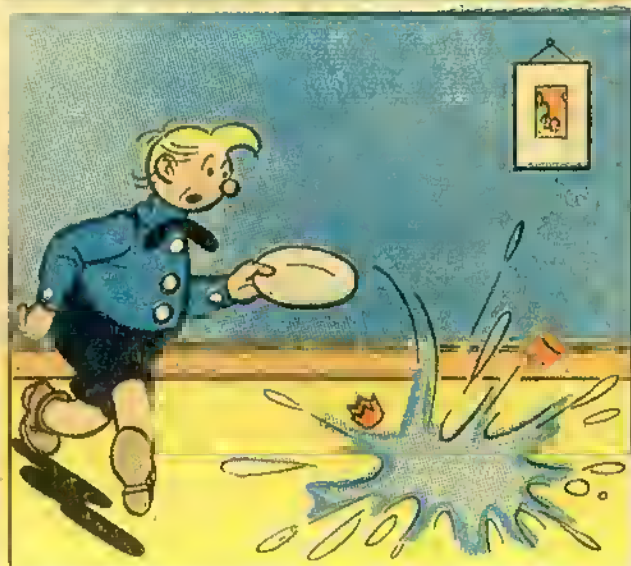
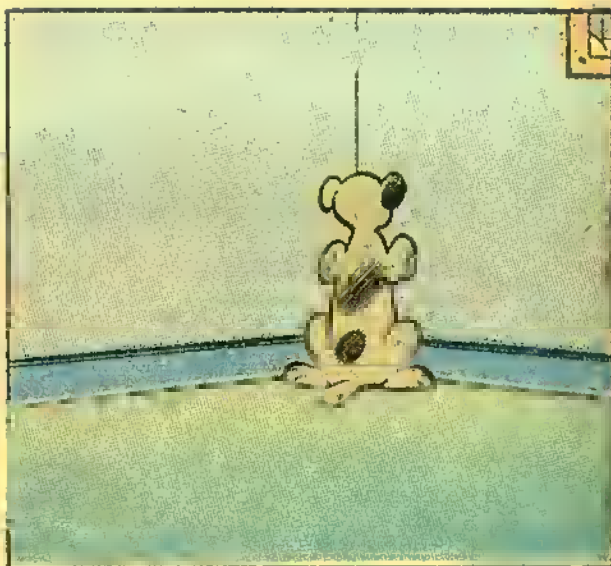
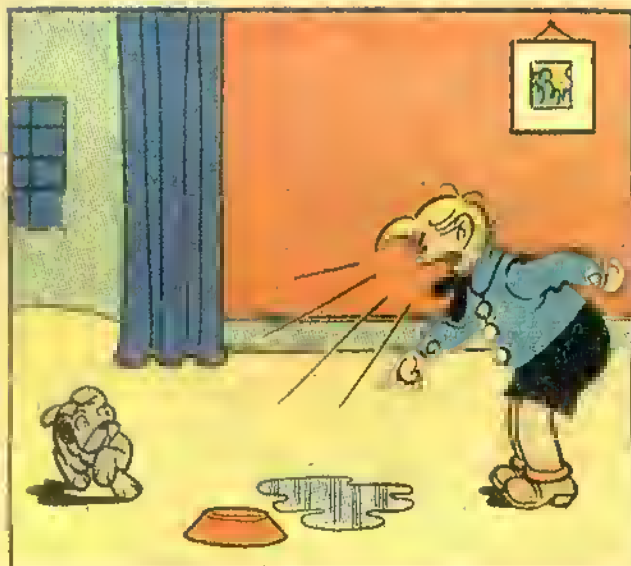
WHEN FIRST I SAW THE YOUNGEST
PRINCESS, I LOVED HER. I BEG HER
HAND IN MARRIAGE.



THE KING CONSENTED, AND PRINCE ERIC TOOK HIS
BRIDE HOME TO HIS CASTLE WHERE THEY LIVED
HAPPILY EVER AFTER.







Pug and Curly

IT WAS HARD WORK GATHERING NUTS, SO PUG AND CURLY DECIDED TO FIND AN EASIER WAY. WHAT HAPPENED? SEE FOR YOURSELF!

FROZEN POND FROLICS.
NOBODY ADMITTED
WITHOUT LOTS OF NUTS



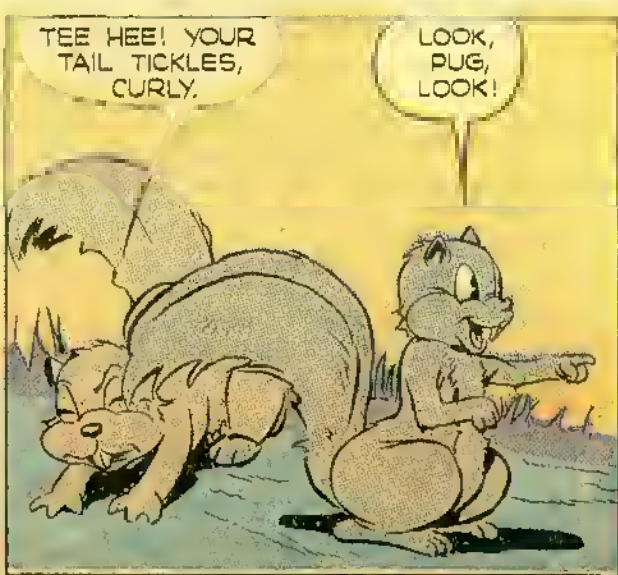
THE GROUND IS FROZEN SOLID.

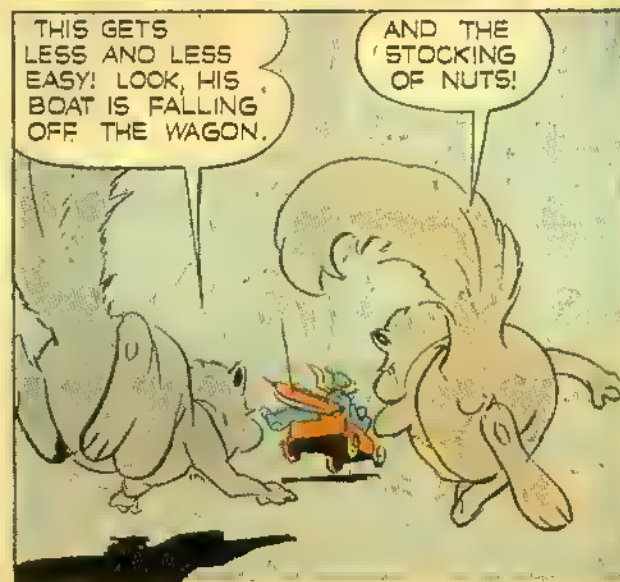
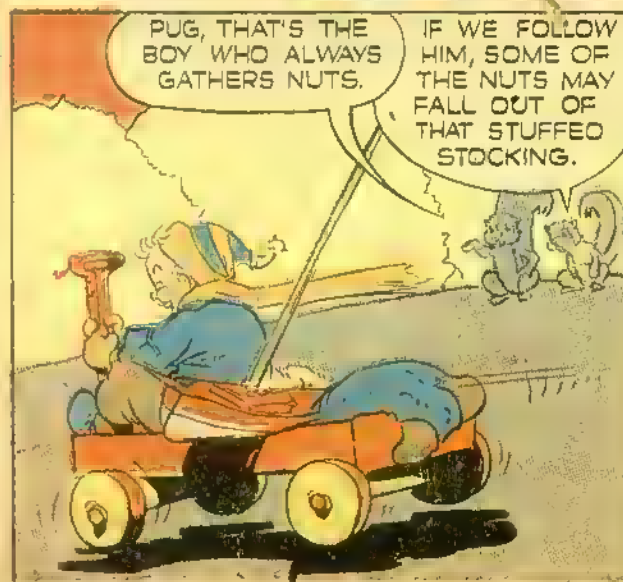
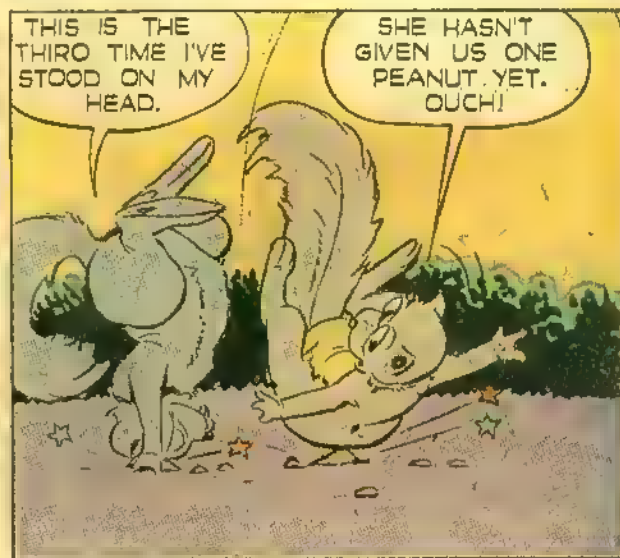
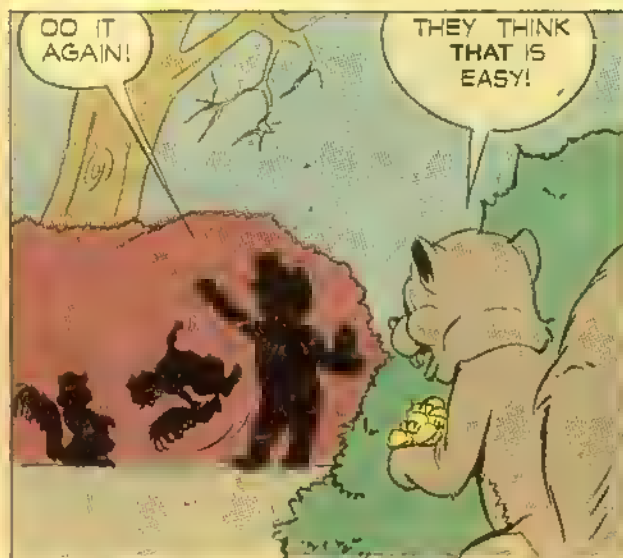
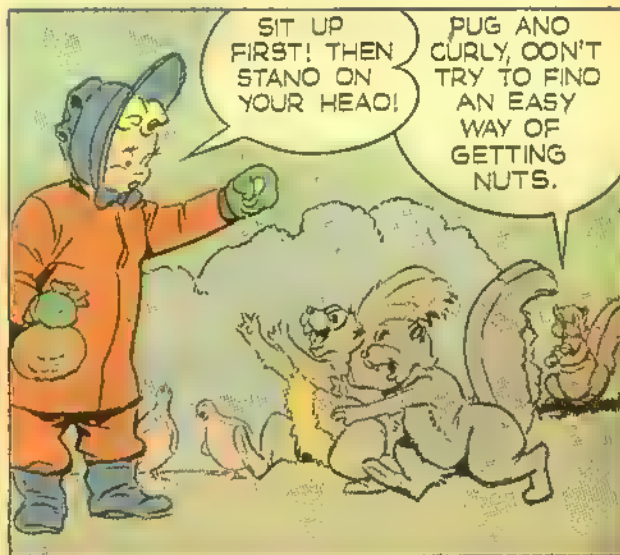
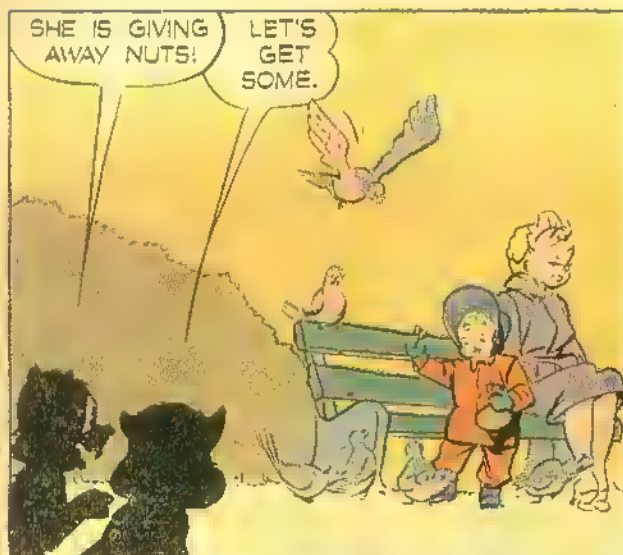
PUG AND CURLY, KEEP DIGGING FOR THE NUTS YOU BURIED LAST FALL. YOU WILL NEED THEM FOR THE FROZEN POND FROLICS.

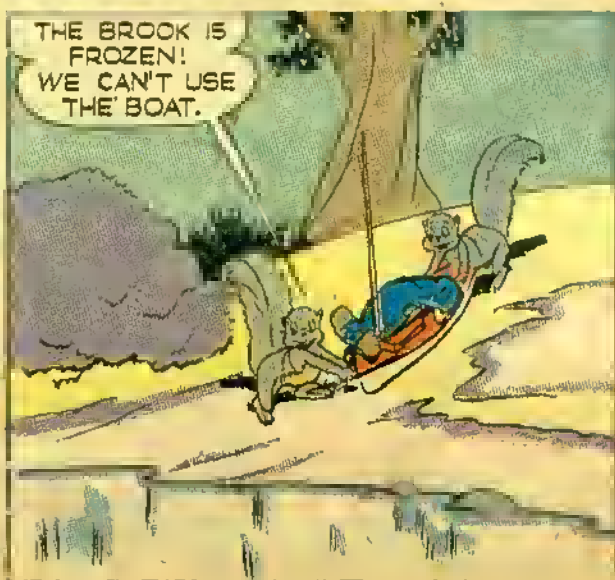
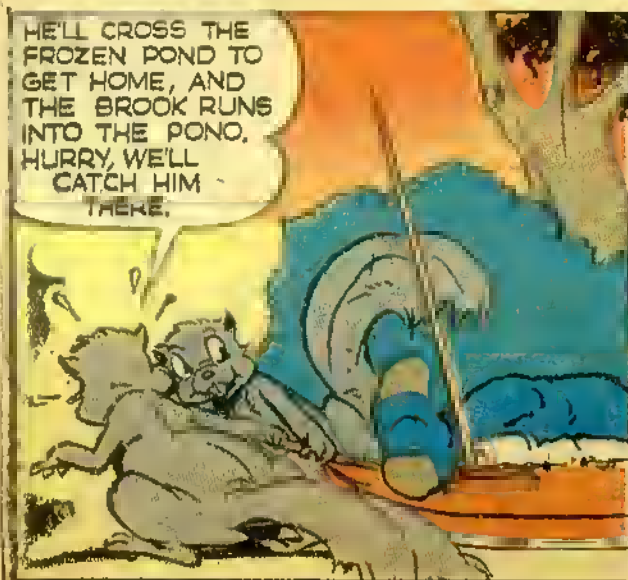
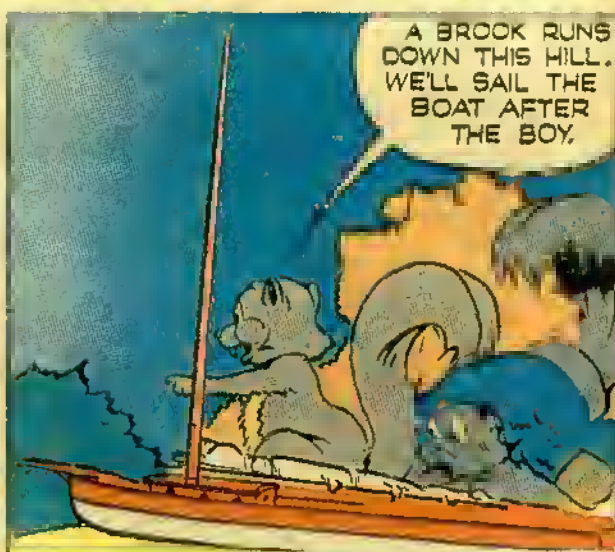
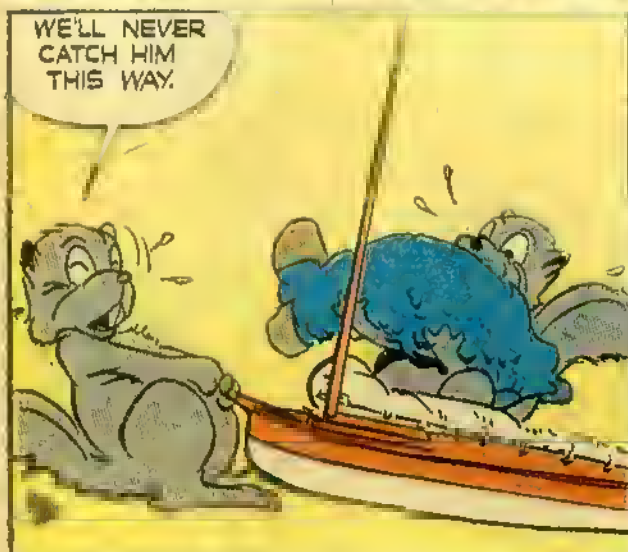
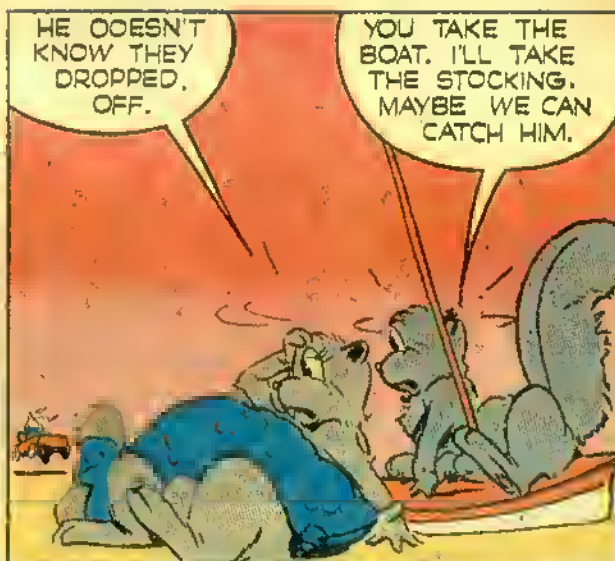


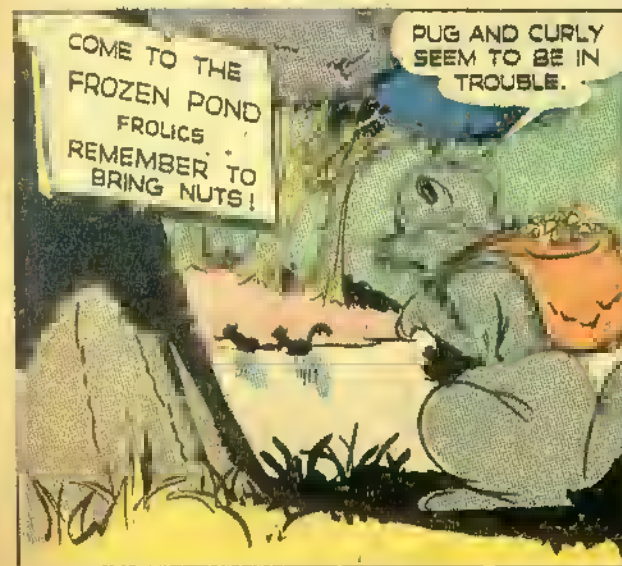
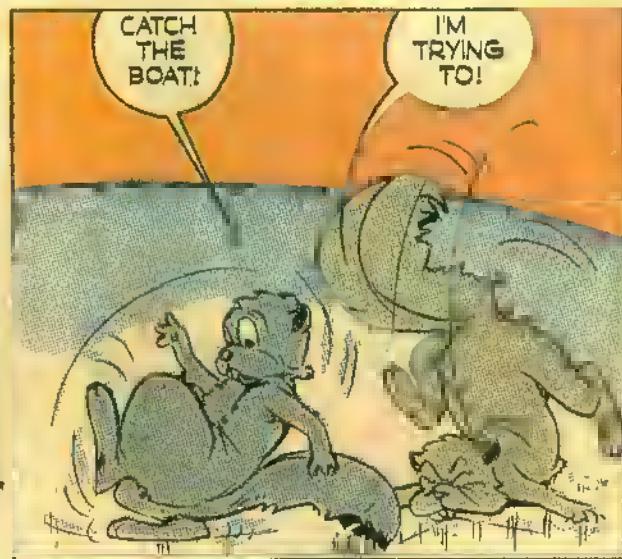
TEE HEE! YOUR TAIL TICKLES, CURLY.

LOOK, PUG, LOOK!

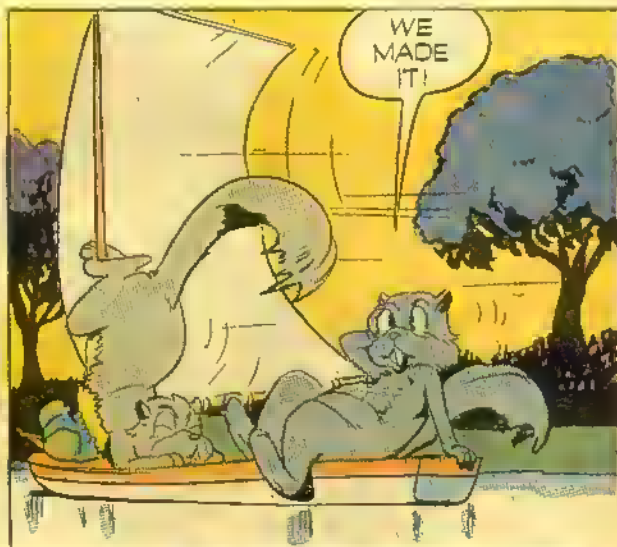
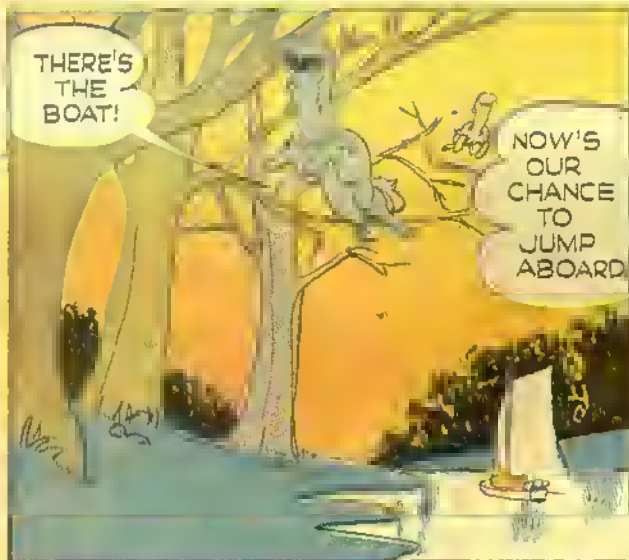






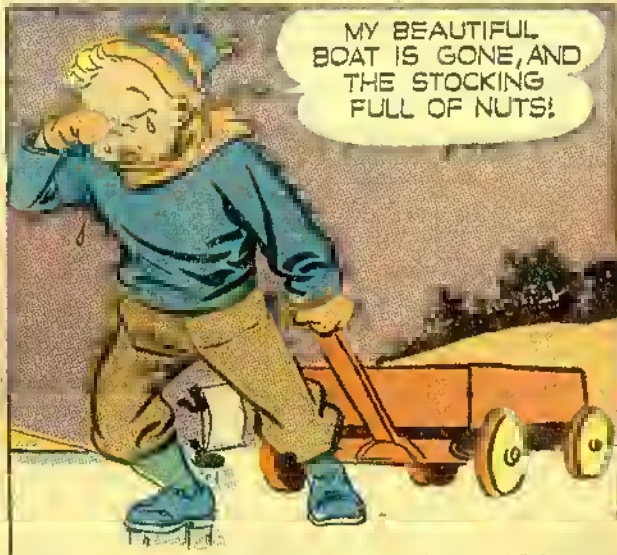


WE CAN TRAVEL FASTER IN THE TREES. COME ON!

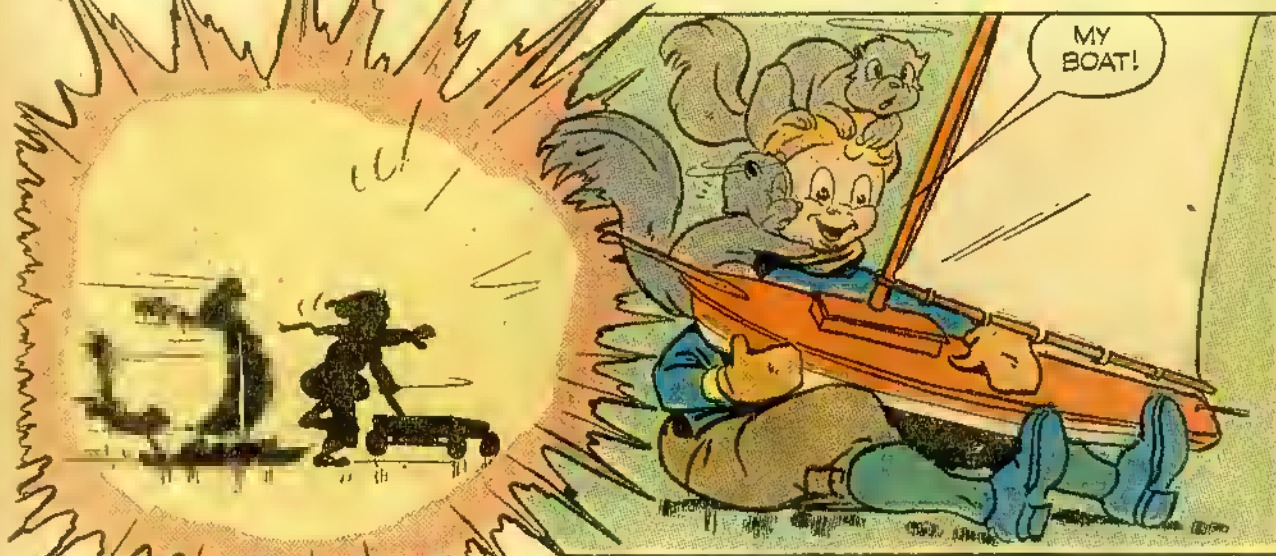




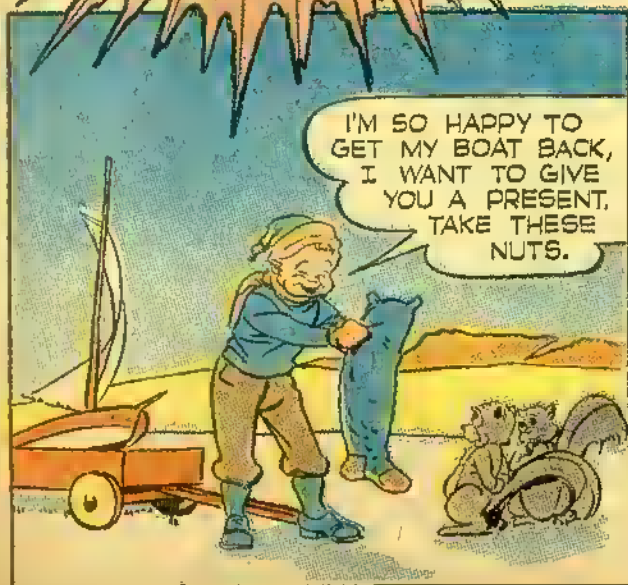
THERE'S THE BOY
CROSSING THE ICE.
WE'VE GOT TO
STOP HIM!



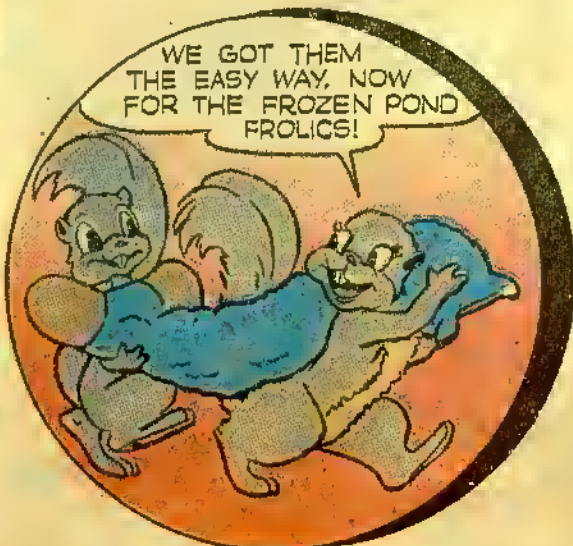
MY BEAUTIFUL
BOAT IS GONE, AND
THE STOCKING
FULL OF NUTS!



MY
BOAT!



I'M SO HAPPY TO
GET MY BOAT BACK,
I WANT TO GIVE
YOU A PRESENT.
TAKE THESE
NUTS.



WE GOT THEM
THE EASY WAY, NOW
FOR THE FROZEN POND
FROLICS!

Sally Sue finds a PUPPY

Sally Sue loved the little white dog and said it was hers. But it really wasn't

By PATRICIA RAYBURN OLSON

Sally Sue had an important matter to settle, so she went out to Mammy. Mammy was stuffing the mattress with moss. "Finding's keeping, isn't it?" asked Sally Sue.

IT was just like having a dream come true. For, as Sally Sue skipped along the shady path beside the river bank, she was thinking about the one thing she wanted most in the world.

Sally Sue was staying right on the path which followed the course of the Tangipahoa River through the sweet-smelling Louisiana woods. It was mighty easy to get lost in those woods.

Of course, she was a big girl now; that was why Mammy had let her go out alone. Mammy knew she could depend on Sally Sue not to go too far from the little cabin on the edge of the tiny town of Harvey in southern Louisiana.

As Sally Sue went along beside the river, she was thinking of a live puppy dog all her very own. But puppy dogs cost money! Right now she was pretending. If she pretended *very* hard, she could almost hear him yapping, running around her in excited circles at her heels.

Stop! Stand still! What was that? Why it *was* a puppy's shrill, excited little half-barks, somewhere ahead. Sally Sue ran along



the path, her stiffly-starched blue gingham dress swishing against the high grasses. Around the bend—and there he was! A little, white, woolly puppy, exactly like her dream dog. He was running about, sniffing with his moist black button of a nose, uttering puppy yelps of delight.

He came as soon as Sally Sue called to him. Sally Sue scooped him up and held him tight in her arms. He didn't like this very much, and told her so in a squeal.

"Are you a little piggy?" demanded Sally Sue sternly. "You sound like one—and here I was thinking I'd found a puppy."

The puppy had traveled far on his short legs, and it was nice to have someone carry him. So he relaxed against Sally Sue and stuck out his little tongue to lick her hand.

"You're the most beautiful puppy I ever did see," she said, hugging him too tight again. "Every day I'm going to wash you, so you *stay* white. Let me see—Mammy says the whitest thing is snow. *Snowdrop*—that's what I'll call you, and you'll be *my* doggy!"

But would he? Such a cute little dog must have come from somewhere. Maybe they were looking for him this minute!

Well, she just wasn't going to give him up. If she hadn't found him, he might have gone off in the deep woods and starved, or fallen in the swift river. She would hide him until people stopped looking for him.

She reached home without meeting anyone, and ducked through the front door. Mammy was busy in back of the cabin, so it was easy to slip behind the cheesecloth curtains which separated the beds from the rest of the room. Her own little bed was in the corner. Snowdrop seemed glad to

rest there, but he looked up at Sally Sue so pleadingly that she knew he wanted a drink. She filled an old pan with water from the bucket. And oh, how that thirsty little pup did lap it up! Then he turned around and snuggled down as if the hard boards were softest cotton. In a moment he was fast asleep.

Sally Sue did not like to leave him alone, but she knew definitely that



Just under the curtain stood Snowdrop. He'd had his nap, and now he smelled food. Snowdrop ran over to Sally Sue.

she had an important matter to settle, so she went out to Mammy to get it over with. Mammy was busy restuffing the mattresses with the long thread-like, blue-gray Spanish moss that hangs from the live oak trees down in Louisiana, just as tinsel hangs from a Christmas tree. Every few months Mammy would rip one side of the mattress covers, take out the old packed moss that had served as stuffing, and, after washing the covers, restuff them with fresh clean moss.

Finally, Sally Sue spoke. "Finding's keepings, isn't it; Mammy? Isn't it?"

"If it's worth keeping," said Mammy slowly, "it's worth something to them that lost it, and it's bad not to try to find them and give it back."

Sally Sue looked sad. Then she brightened. "But I guess people that lose *animals* wouldn't likely be hunting them—why, an animal can run and run so far, nobody'd ever find it!"

Mammy didn't answer right away. Then she said, "I heard tell this morning that Mr. Jackson's little boy has lost his puppy. Lou Belle works there, and she said poor little Bobby feels mighty bad about it. His grandpap down in New Orleans sent him just last week. I hope if anybody finds that little dog, he'll take it back to poor little Bobby."

"He's *not* poor!" snapped Sally Sue.

Mammy kept her eyes on her work, but her voice was very soft. "He hasn't a mammy now, and he gets lonesome. That's why his grandpappy sent him a little dog, too."



A little boy cried out, "That's Whitey!" Sally Sue tried to say she'd found him in the woods, but a lump kept back the words. She held Snowdrop out to him.

Sally Sue went away to her playhouse, and there she sat down to think, while Mammy went in to start lunch.

Soon Mammy called her in. They had mush and milk, and some berries—all things Sally Sue liked. But it just didn't taste as good as usual today. Sally Sue was thinking of Bobby.

"I expect Bobby Jackson isn't eating much," she said. "I wouldn't if I'd lost *my* puppy dog."

"I expect not," said Mammy.

She looked at Sally Sue, just as if she were waiting for something. Sally Sue put down her spoon.

"Mammy," she said. "I found that little dog."

"I know. Look!"

Sally Sue twisted around in her chair. There, just under the curtain, stood Snowdrop. He'd had his nap, and now he smelled food. And was he hungry! Snowdrop ran over to Sally Sue and started to lick her hand.

"See," she said looking up, her eyes shining, "he loves me."

"He's hungry. Let's feed him," said Mammy.

Snowdrop wasn't at all polite about his eating; he tried to get right into the dish with his milk.

"I mind one time when I was little," said Mammy, as if thinking out loud. "I had a pet bird. He had broken his wing, and I nursed him until he was well, but he could never fly much. How I loved him! But one day he hopped away, and a little girl who lived down the road picked him up. She wouldn't give him back to me. I grieved for a long, long time."

"I'm going to take Snowdrop back!" cried Sally Sue loudly.

She ran behind the curtain so Mammy wouldn't see her tears. But when Mammy followed her to take out Sally Sue's best dress from the cupboard, Mammy pretended not to see them. And at sight of her dress, the beautiful red dress, the brightest red Mammy could get, Sally Sue stopped crying.

Mammy buttoned Sally Sue's dress, and then she put her arm around the little girl.

"Sally Sue, maybe some day Pappy can get you a little white puppy."

Sally Sue couldn't answer, for that big lump took up so much room in her throat the words couldn't get by. She looked down at Snowdrop who was tugging at the rag rug. Another puppy wouldn't be Snowdrop!

But Mammy was right. She couldn't keep Snowdrop, knowing Bobby was grieving for him.

So, five minutes later, she was trudging down the road, Snowdrop in her arms. The more he wriggled, the tighter Sally Sue held him.

It was so hot!

"But this is the last chance I'll have to hold you," Sally Sue panted.

"Ring just once," Mammy had instructed, "then wait."

Sally Sue rang the bell just once, and Mammy's friend Lou Belle came to the door.

"Land sakes, look who's here!" she cried. "Won't Bobby be the happy boy, though! Come in, honey."

Holding Snowdrop tight, Sally Sue obeyed. Out on a big screened porch sat Mr. Jackson and a boy who started up with a cry, "That's Whitey!"

Sally Sue tried to say she'd found him in the woods, but a lump kept back the words, so she held Snowdrop out to the little boy. But her arms ached from carrying him, and the little dog slipped to the floor. He sprawled there a moment, and then he trotted over and sat on Sally Sue's feet!

How they all stared! For there, on the side which had been next to Sally Sue while she carried him, Snowdrop was red—yes, red as the best dress!

Mr. Jackson chuckled, and then he laughed, a deep-down laugh. And Bobby and Lou Belle and Sally Sue were laughing very hard, while Snowdrop sat there with his head cocked.

"I faded off," said Sally Sue.

"But, Daddy, Grandpa's going to send Spotty to me now that we phoned him Whitey was lost; and Spotty was really the one I'd picked out before," said Bobby. "What'll I do with *two* dogs?"

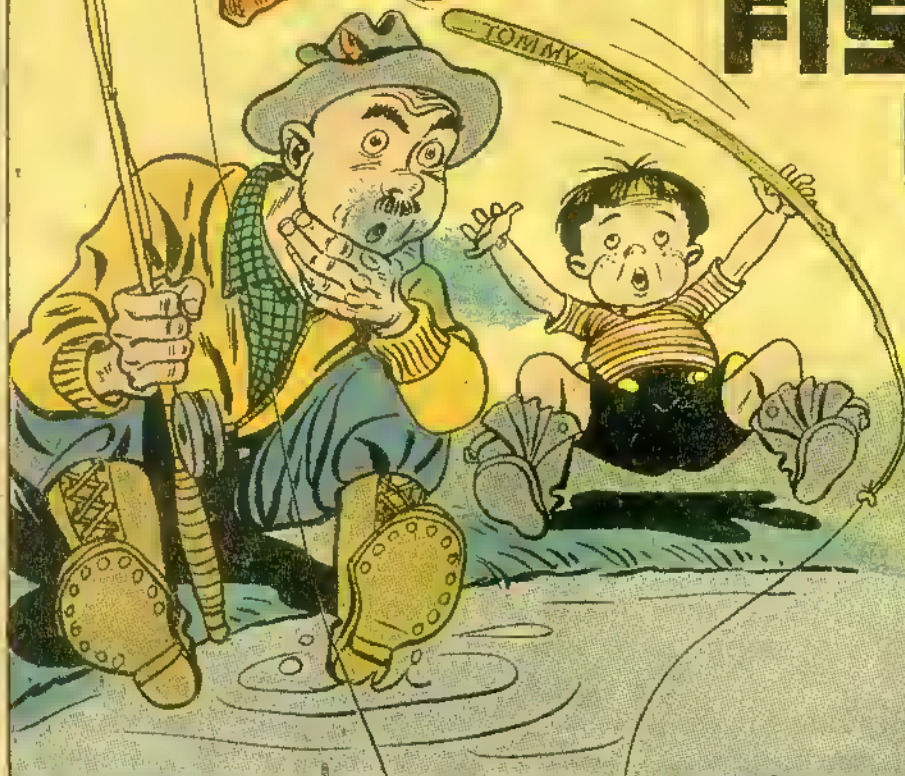
"Think hard," said his father.

"I know!" Bobby turned to Sally Sue. "Whitey likes you best, anyway. Would you like to keep him?"

Would she? Sally Sue was so happy she couldn't say a word, so she just nodded her head.

Going home, the sun was just as hot as before, but Sally Sue didn't notice it. Dancing around her was Snowdrop—a puppy dog all her very own!

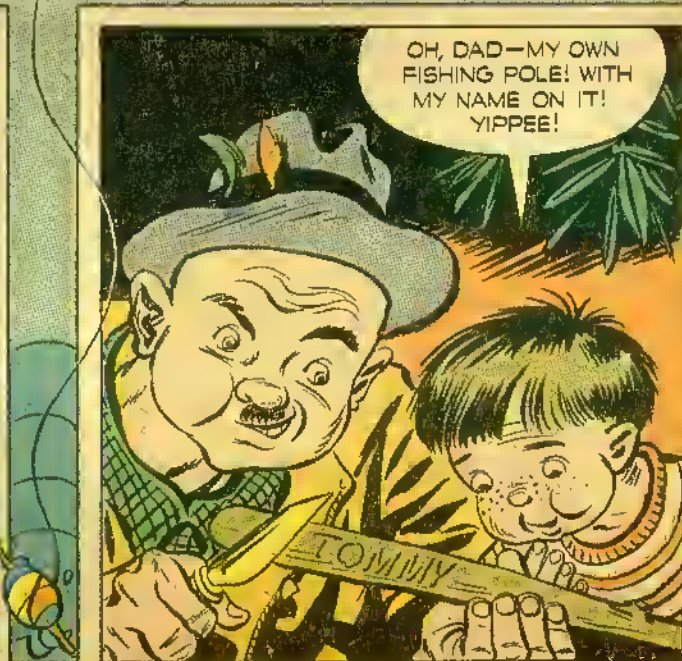
THE **Q**UAWAWAY FISHING POLE



IT WAS TOMMY'S FIRST FISHING TRIP WITH HIS FATHER, AND IT TURNED INTO A MYSTERY!



TOMMY, THIS WILLOW BRANCH WILL MAKE A FINE FISHING POLE.

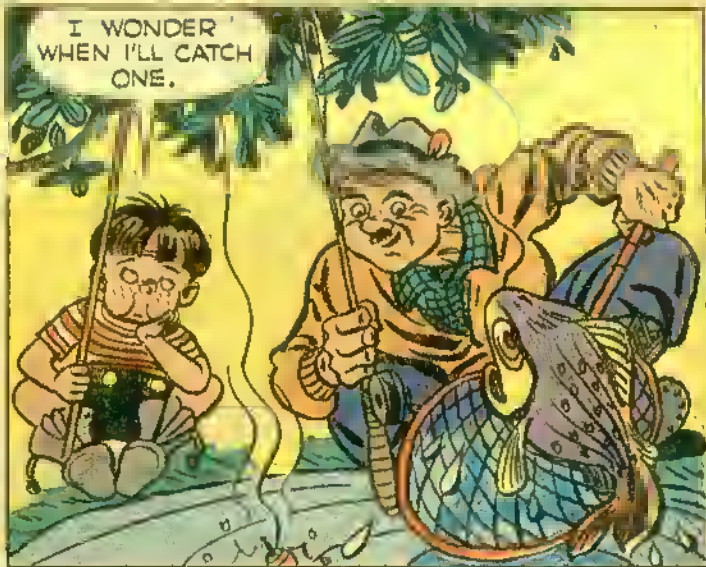


OH, DAD—MY OWN FISHING POLE! WITH MY NAME ON IT! YIPPEE!

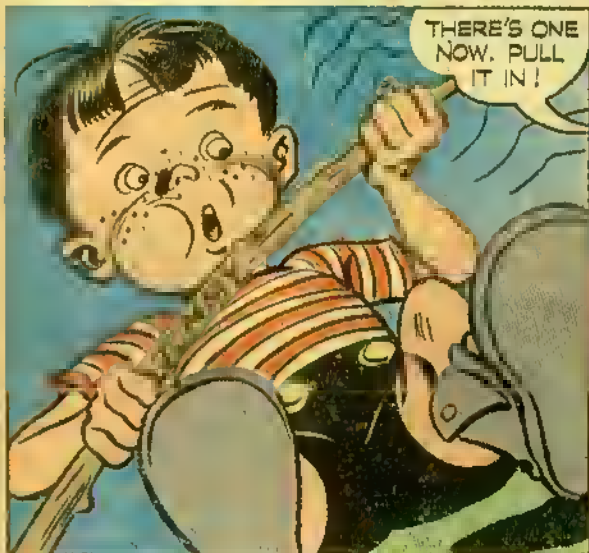
AND OFF THEY WENT THROUGH THE WOODS TO THE STREAM.



I WONDER WHEN I'LL CATCH ONE.

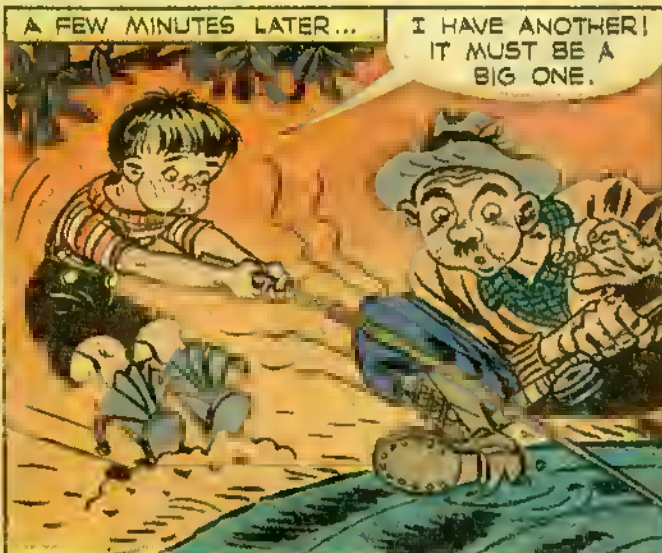


THERE'S ONE NOW. PULL IT IN!

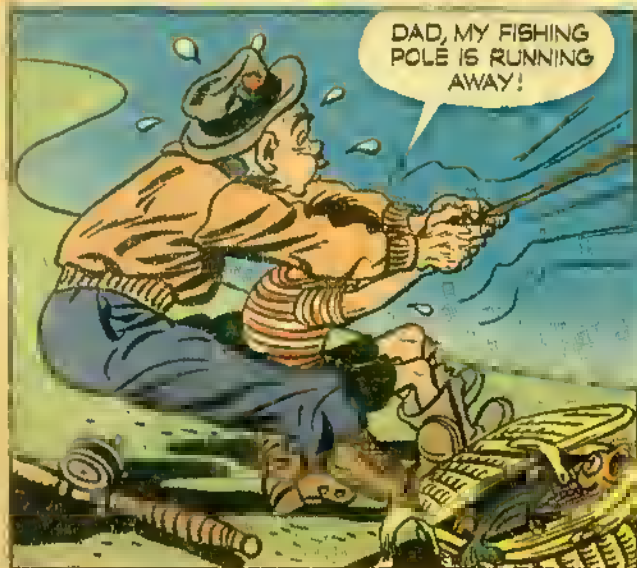


A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I HAVE ANOTHER! IT MUST BE A BIG ONE.

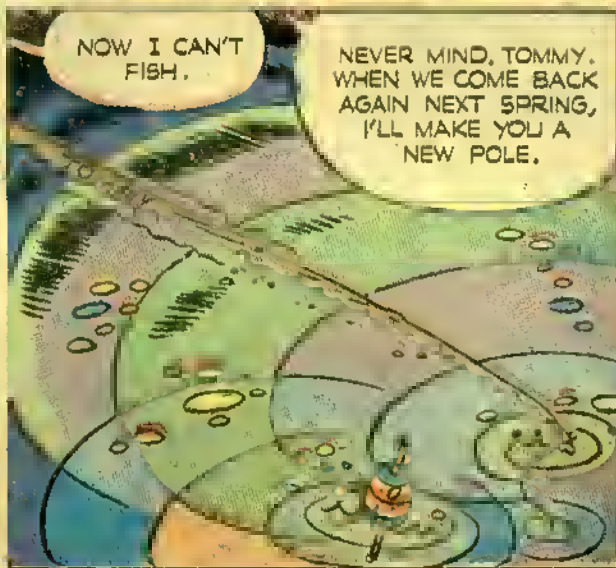


DAD, MY FISHING POLE IS RUNNING AWAY!

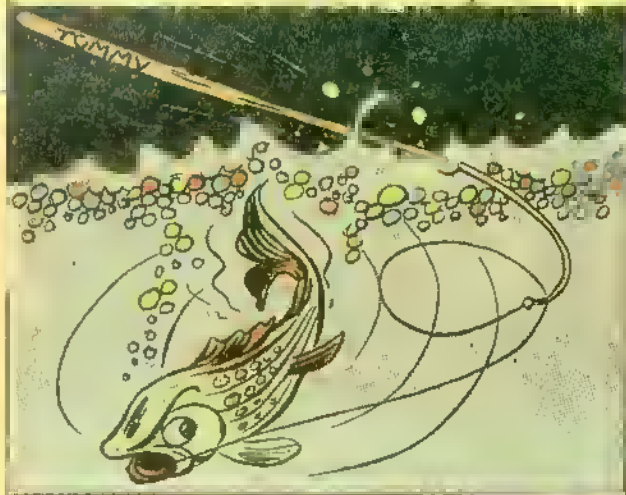


NOW I CAN'T FISH.

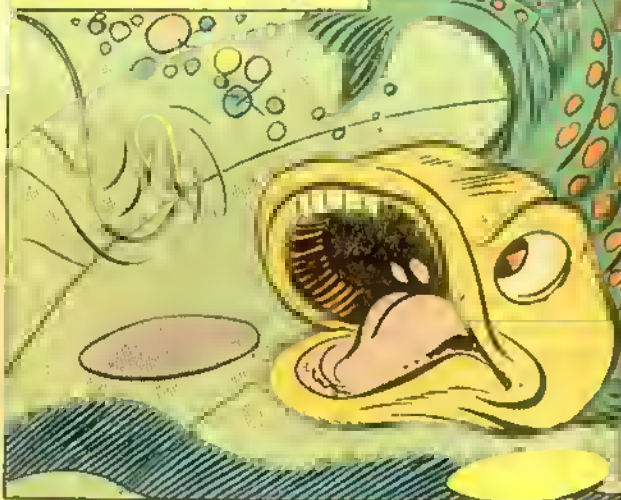
NEVER MIND, TOMMY. WHEN WE COME BACK AGAIN NEXT SPRING, I'LL MAKE YOU A NEW POLE.



GUESS WHAT HAPPENED TO TOMMY'S POLE! A HUGE FISH HAD NIBBLED ON THE HOOK.



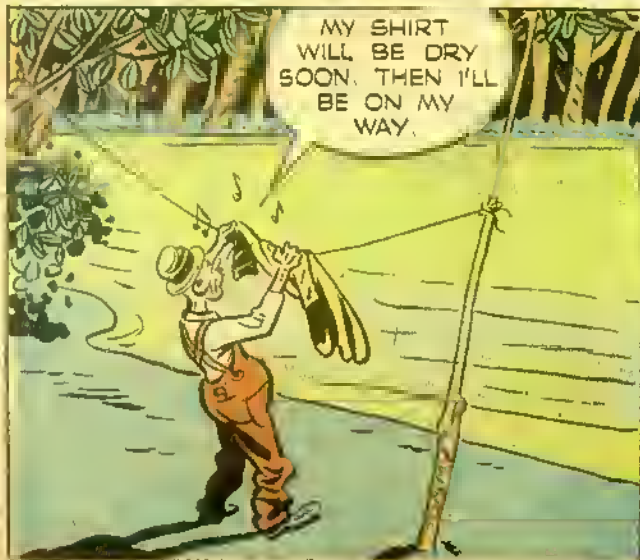
AFTER A WILD STRUGGLE, THE FISH JERKED THE HOOK OUT OF ITS MOUTH.



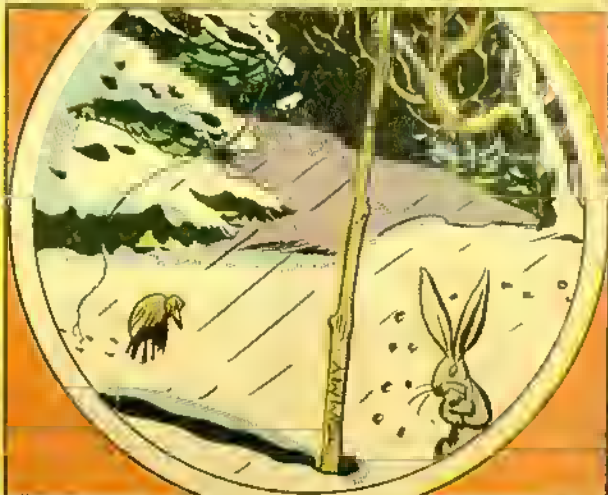
THEN, THE FISHING POLE DRIFTED BACK TO SHORE WHERE A TRAMP WAS WALKING.



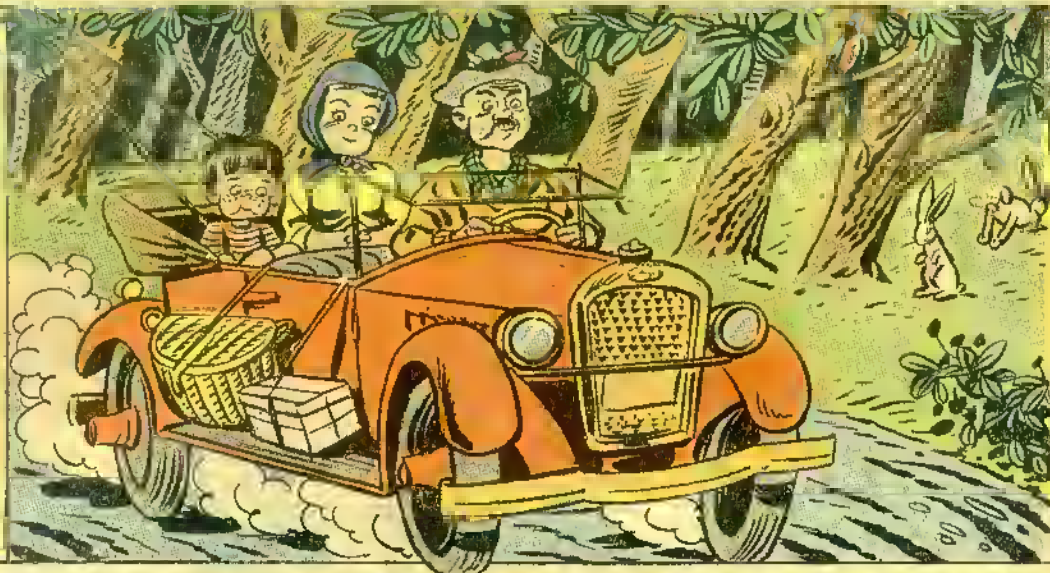
MY SHIRT WILL BE DRY SOON. THEN I'LL BE ON MY WAY.



MONTHS PASSED, AND TOMMY'S FISHING POLE STAYED JUST WHERE IT WAS STUCK.



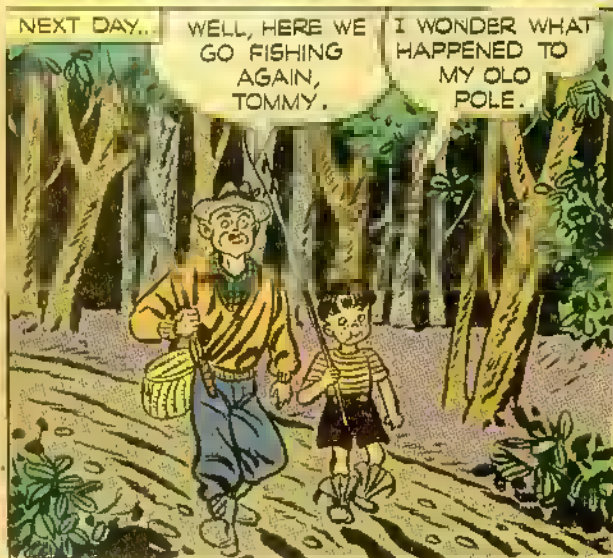
MORE MONTHS PASSED. TOMMY, HIS DAD AND HIS MOTHER STARTED BACK TO THE WOODS FOR A VACATION.



NEXT DAY...

WELL, HERE WE GO FISHING AGAIN, TOMMY.

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO MY OLD POLE.



THE OLD FISHING POLE WAS STILL WAITING FOR TOMMY, BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW IT.

THAT TREE WASN'T THERE LAST YEAR.

IT'S A NEW WILLOW TREE, TOMMY.

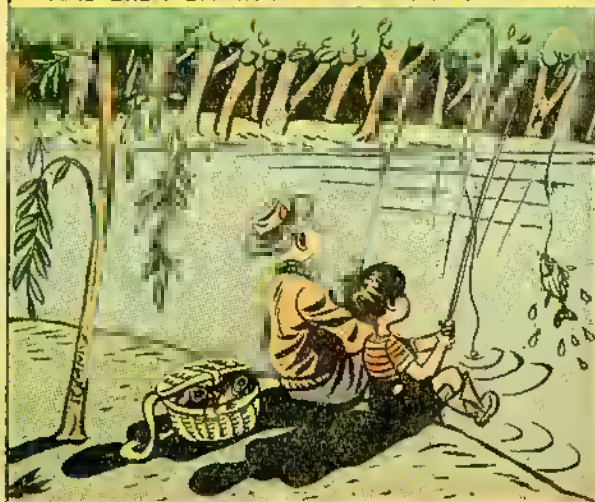


MY OLD FISHING POLE! BUT HOW CAN IT BE A TREE?

SOMEONE MUST HAVE STUCK IT IN THE GROUND, AND IT SPROUTED ROOTS.



EVER SINCE, TOMMY'S FIRST FISHING POLE HAS BEEN GROWING BESIDE THE STREAM.

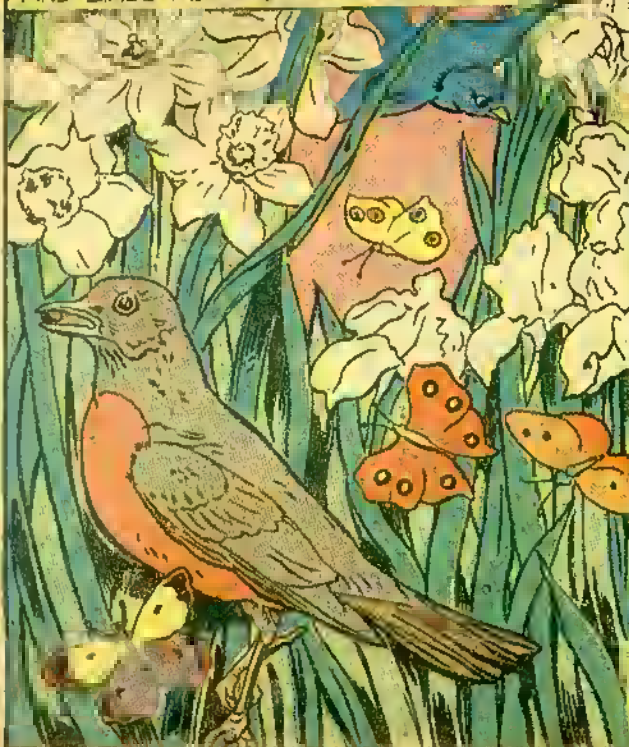


HOW THE **FLOWERS** **GOT THEIR** **COLORS**

ONCE UPON A TIME, SOME FLOWERS IN A GARDEN WERE WHITE. (OF COURSE, THIS IS A MAKE-BELIEVE STORY.)



THE WHITE FLOWERS WANTED TO HAVE THEIR SPECIAL COLORS, TOO, LIKE THE BUTTERFLIES AND BIRDS PLAYING IN THE GARDEN.



ONE DAY IT RAINED VERY HARD.



AFTER THE RAIN STOPPED, A BEAUTIFUL RAINBOW APPEARED IN THE SKY OVER THE GARDEN.



ALL OF A SUDDEN, A WIND CAME UP AND BENT THE RAINBOW, MAKING IT SPILL SOME OF ITS COLORS!



A STREAM OF COLORS CAME TUMBLING DOWN UPON THE HAPPY FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN.



THE RED FROM THE RAINBOW DROPPED ON THE ROSES, SO THEY LOOKED LIKE THIS.



AND THE TIGER LILIES TURNED ORANGE.



AND THE DAFFODILS TURNED YELLOW.



AND THE LARKSPUR TURNED BLUE.



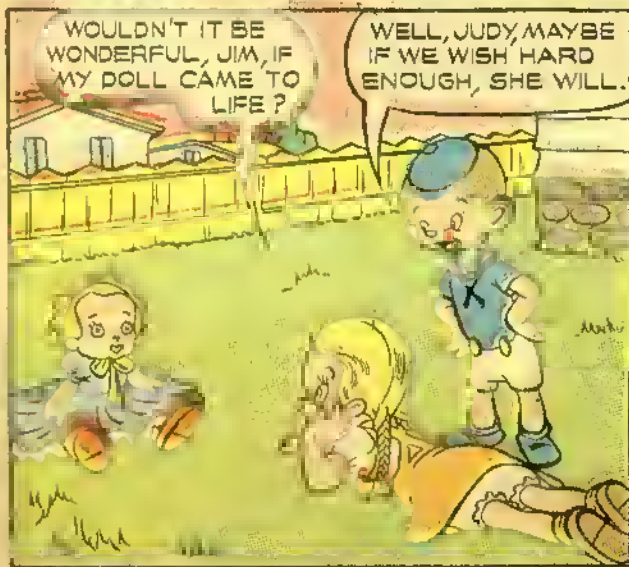
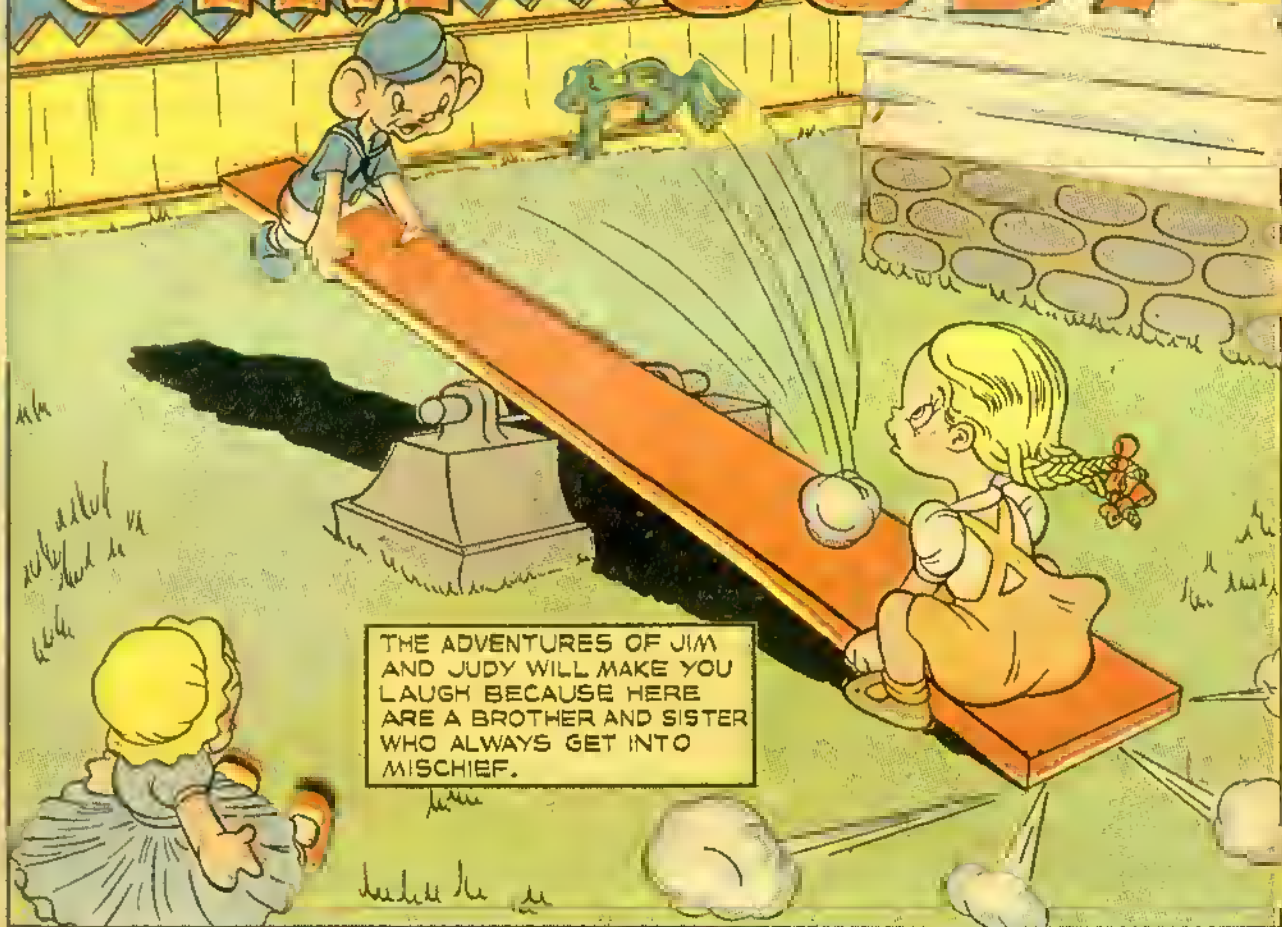
AND THE IRISES TURNED PURPLE.



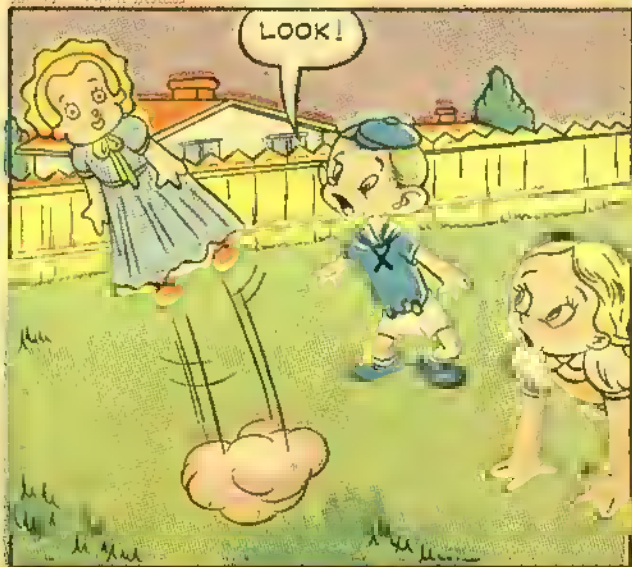
WHEN THE FLOWERS WERE DRESSED IN THEIR NEW COLORS, WHAT DO YOU THINK THE GARDEN LOOKED LIKE? COLOR THIS PAGE YOURSELF, AND SEE!

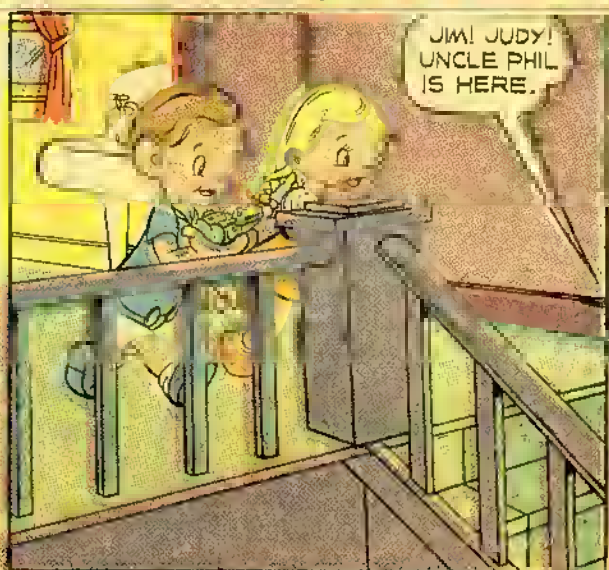
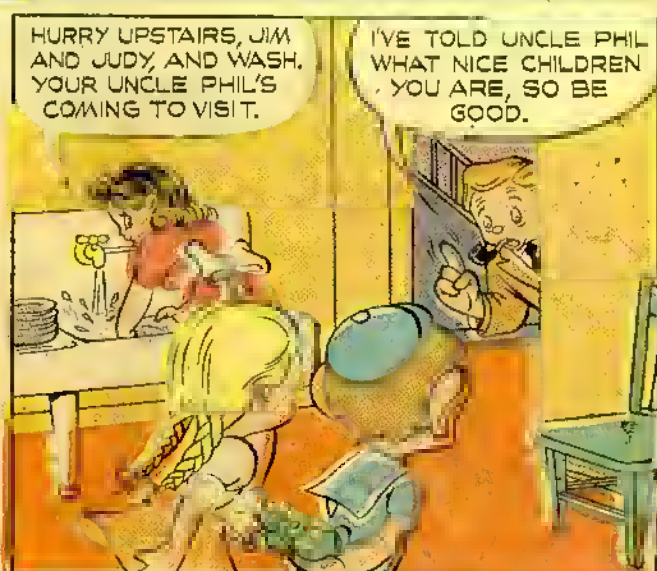
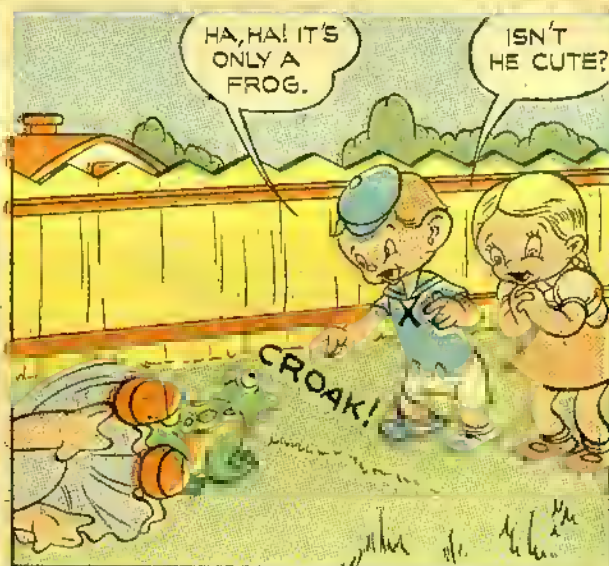
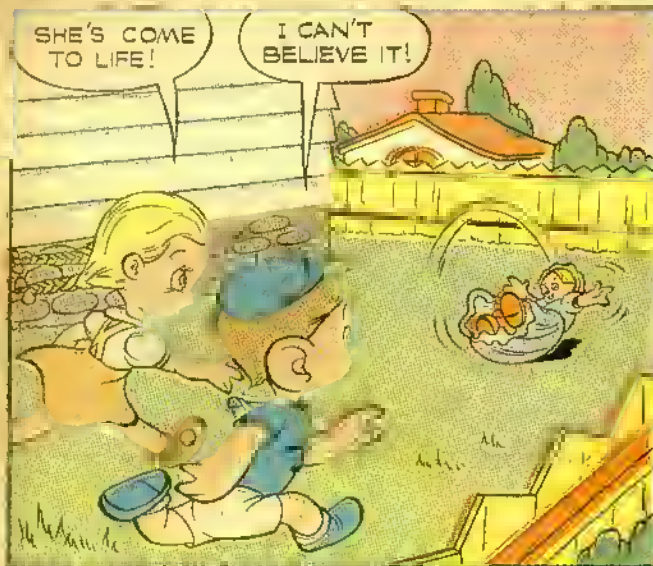


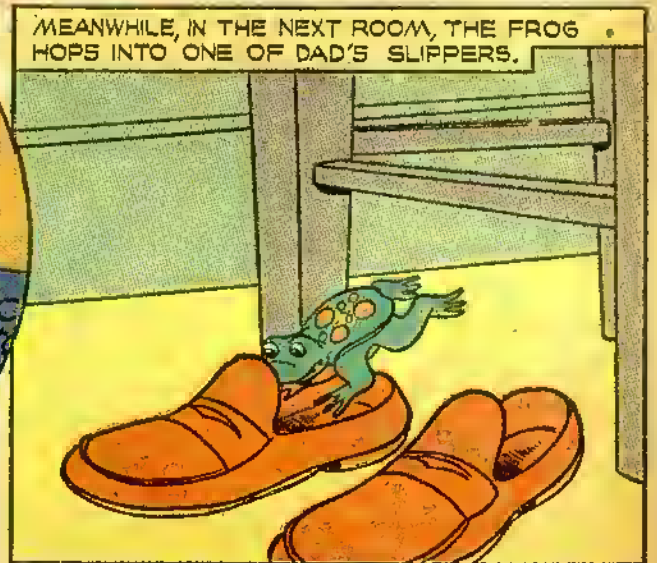
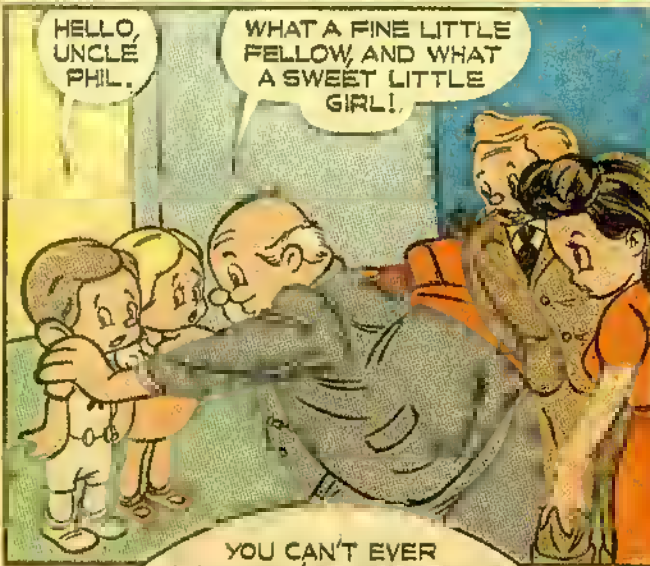
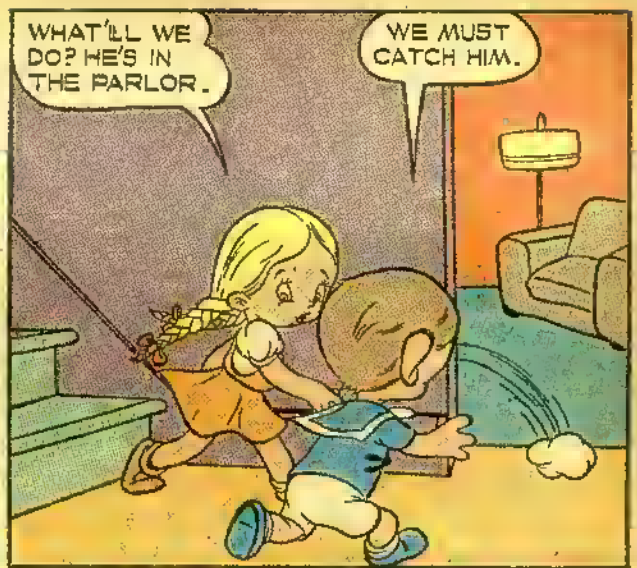
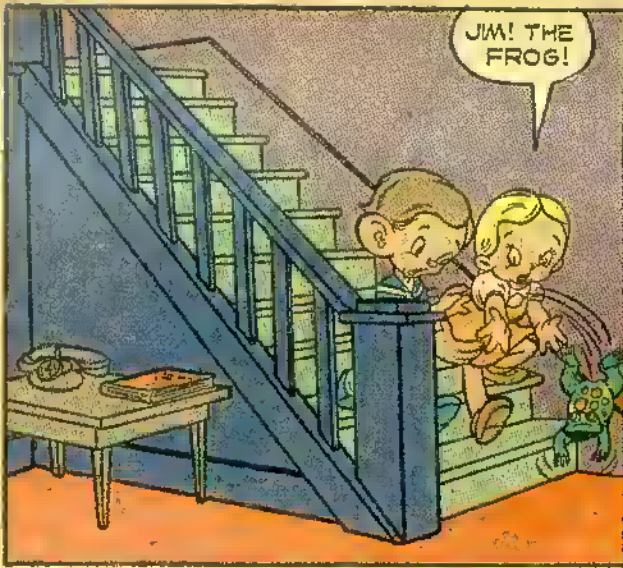
JIM AND JUDY

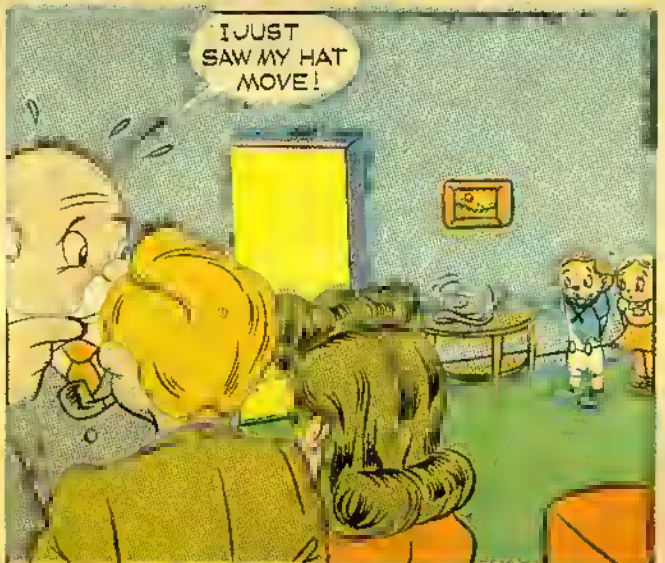
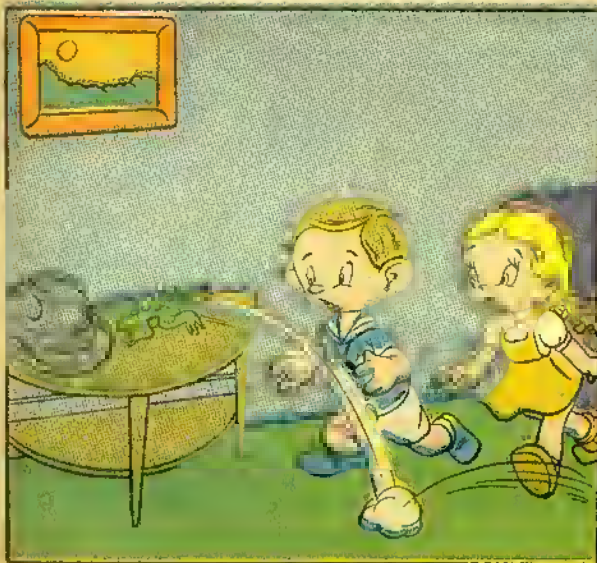
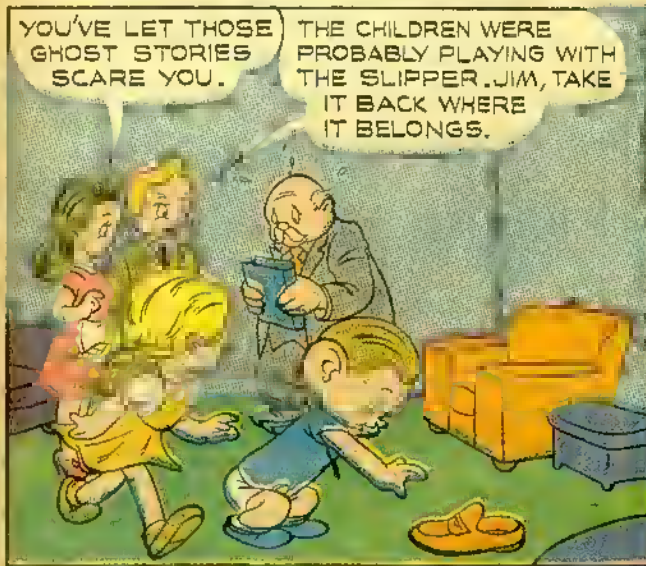
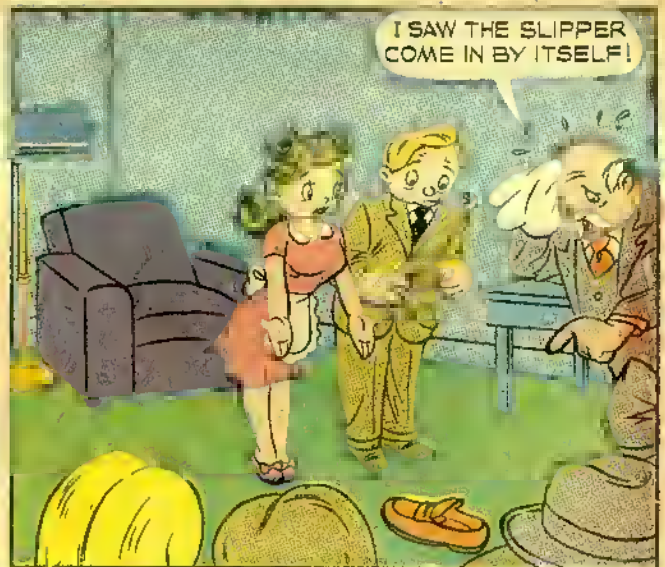
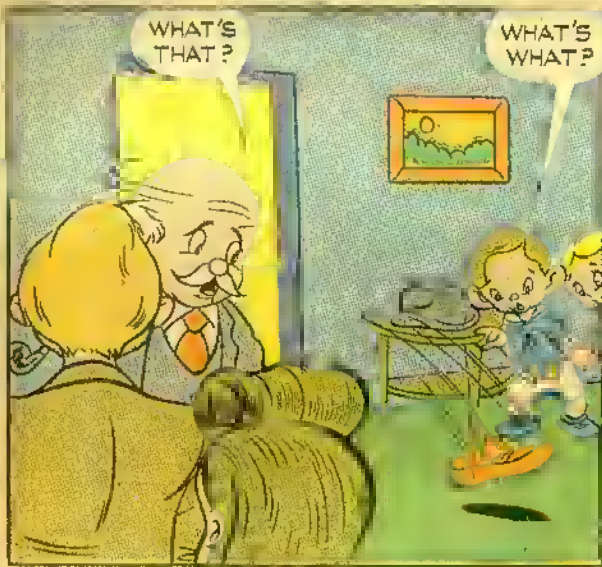


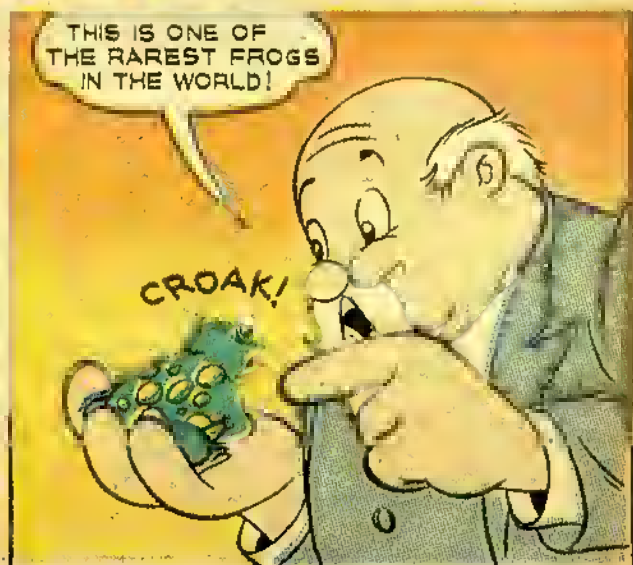
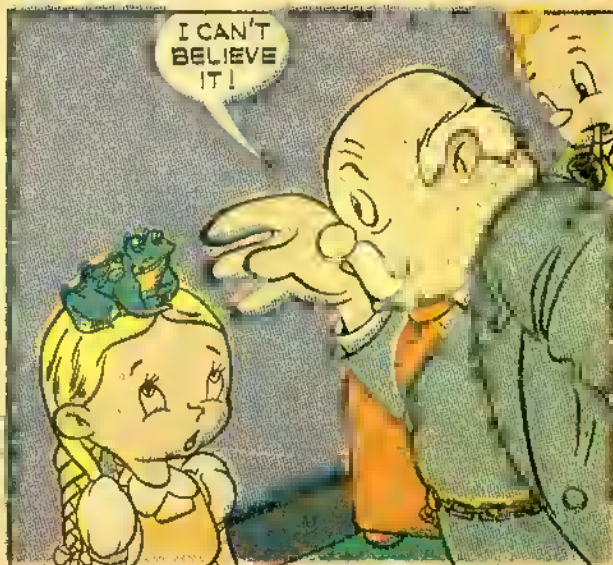
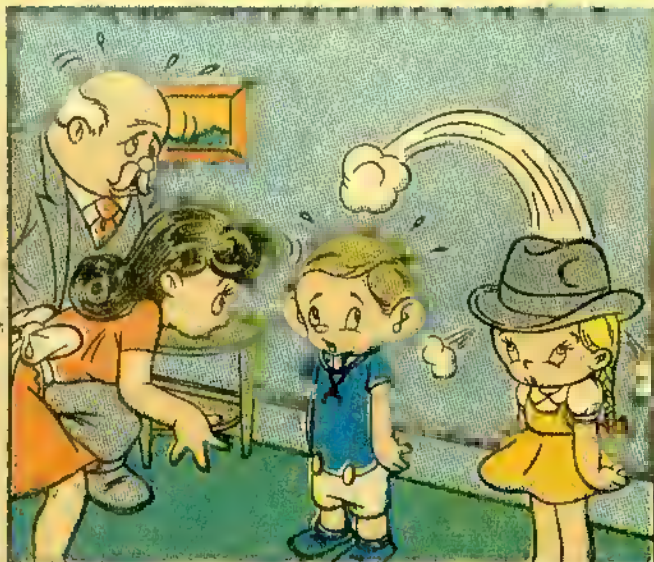
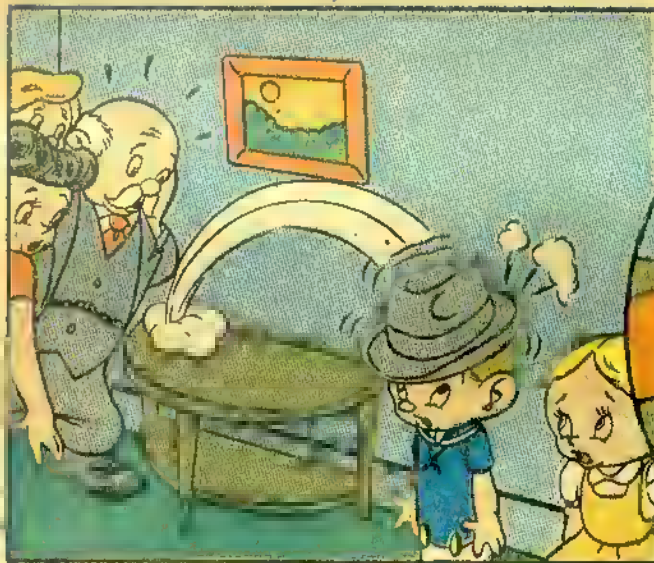
WELL, JUDY, MAYBE IF WE WISH HARD ENOUGH, SHE WILL.

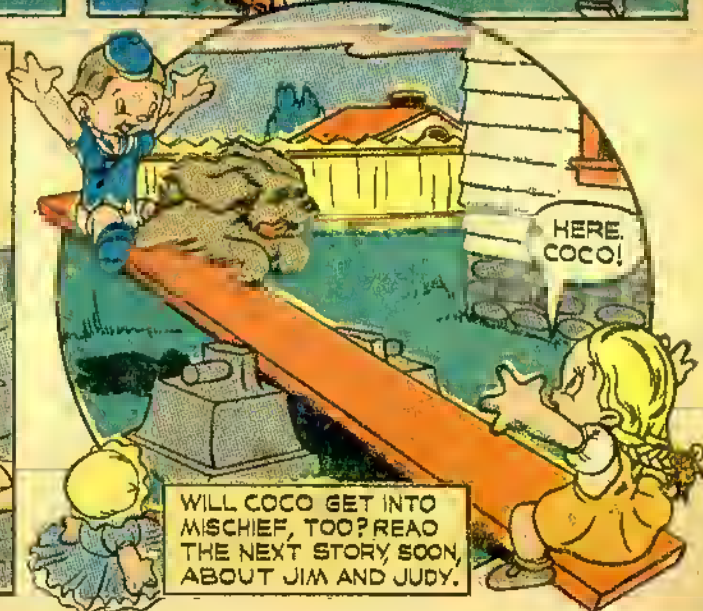
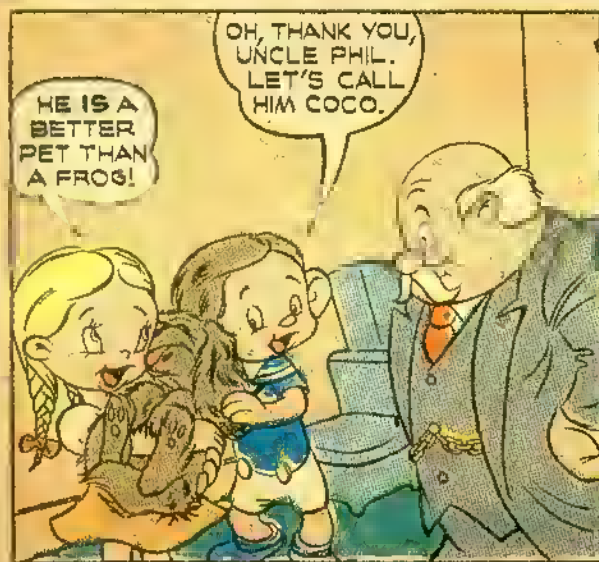
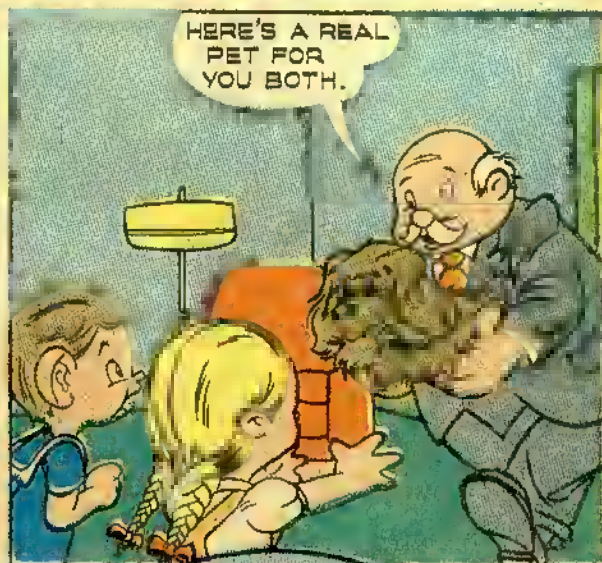
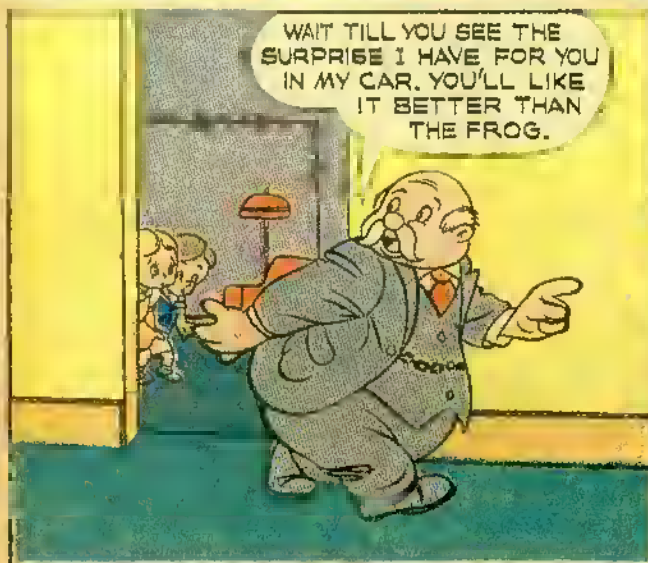
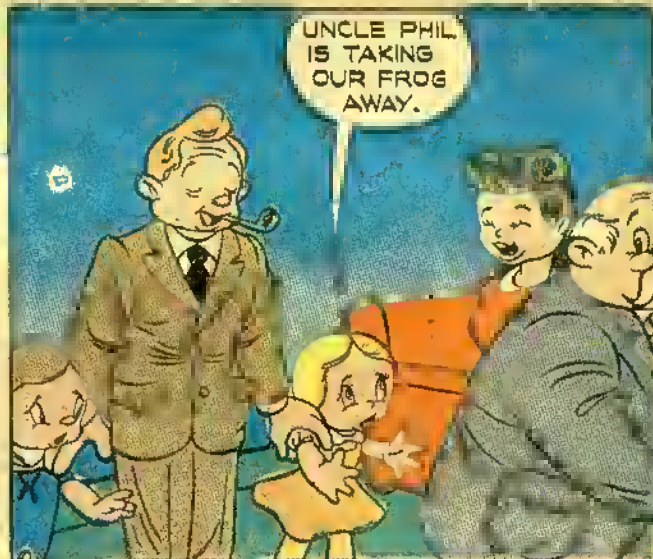
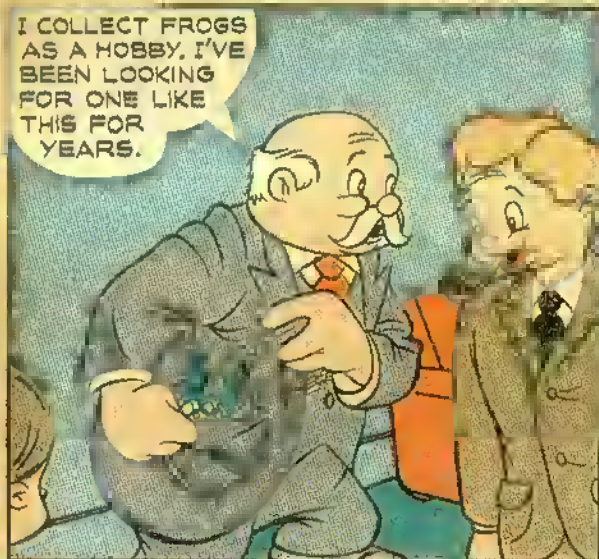




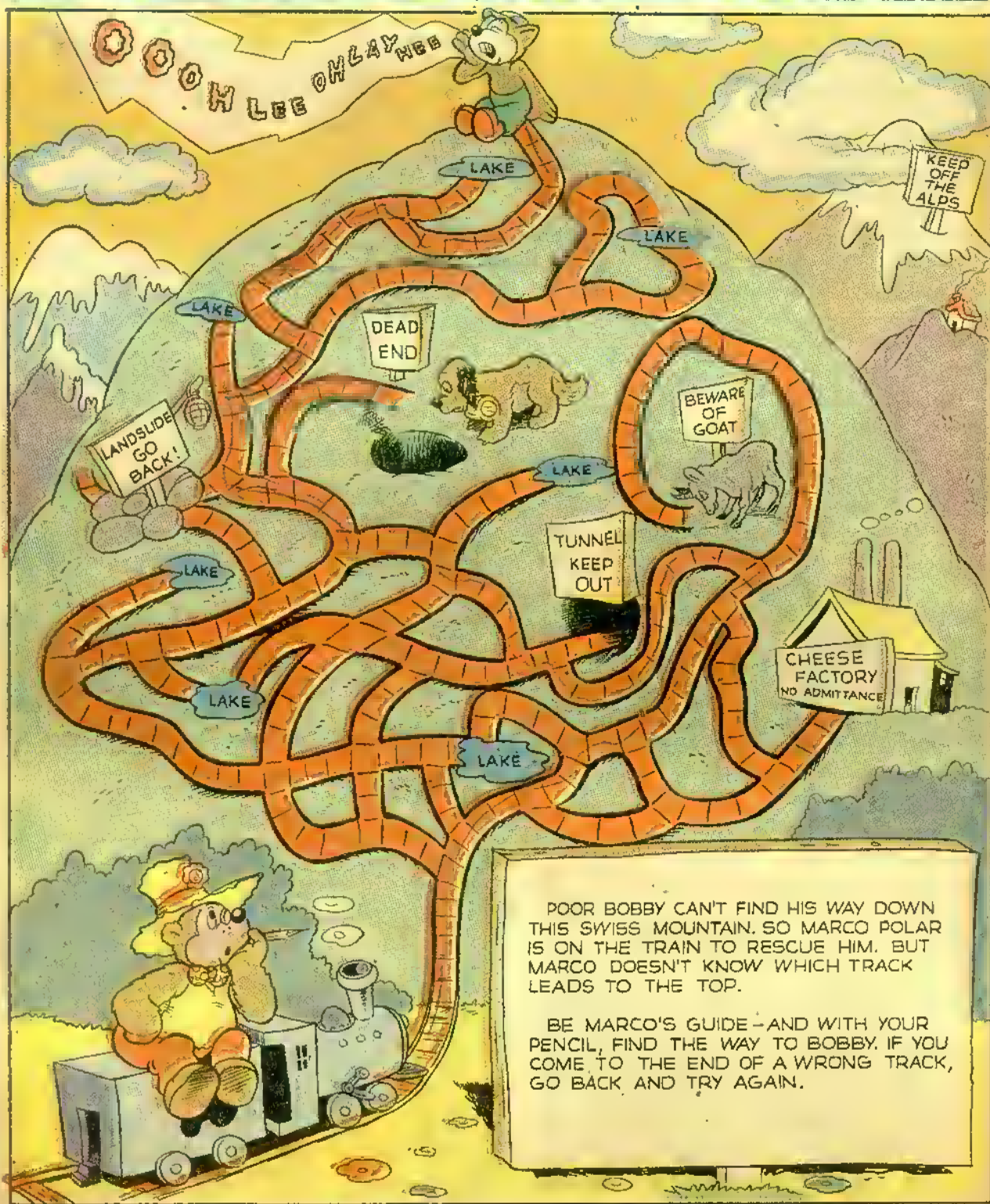


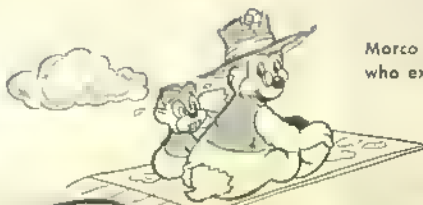






MARCO'S PUZZLE PAGE





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